NEW MASSES

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WHOSE CONGRESS IS IT?

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BIG TASKS BEFORE US

A SYMPOSIUM

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THE DOG THAT LAUGHED BY FRIEDRICH WOLF

A SHORT STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "DR. MAMLOCK"

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Tydings

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LEGISLATIO

ON THE day the Nazi legions in Tunisia drove through the American forces to within a few miles of the Algerian border, the legions of Martin Dies drove through the House of Representatives a resolution appropriating $75,000 to keep the Dies committee going for another year.

On that day too—while American boys were dying in North Africa—the House Military Affairs Committee moved to cripple the armed forces of the United States by overwhelmingly approving the Kilday bill. Under this measure the chief test for determining whether a physically fit individual is to be drafted is not his country's need, but his own personal relationships: if he is married or has dependents, he would automatically be among the last to be chosen. As a logical corollary of this an amendment was incorporated which would nullify a recent order of the War Manpower Commission and would prohibit the induction of individuals or groups because they are employed in non-essential occupations.

These two actions on a single day give you the face of Congress. It is time to wake up, Mr. and Mrs. America. The war isn't won and won't be if certain members of Congress can help it. Of these members it can be said that if they didn't exist, Hitler would have had to invent them. The outstanding fact of American political life today is the domination of both houses of Congress by a bi-partisan junta in which defeatism has joined with politics-as-usual reactionism to harass, obstruct, and undermine the most titanic struggle for existence that our country has ever faced. In the context of the war as a whole it is literally true that whereas the Axis has been forced on the defensive on the military battlefronts, it has through its agents and dupes succeeded in seizing the initiative in the legislative branch of the American government and is using that initiative in an attempt to disorganize the whole strategy of the United Nations. The Casablanca conference gave to the peoples of the world a fighting slogan: unconditional surrender of the Axis. The Capitol Hill cabal has raised this slogan in reverse: unconditional surrender of the Commander-in-Chief and his United Nations victory program.

WE REALIZE these are strong words, but they are a conservative description of what has been happening in the national legislature during the past few weeks. This is not representative government; it is government by mob. The mob spirit, which has terrorized into submission or passivity a majority of the members of both houses, manifests itself in big things and in little; in mass assaults and in guerrilla warfare; in daily, indefatigable gnawing away at every policy, every agency every individual, from President Roosevelt and Gen. George C. Marshall down, concerned with winning the war. Do we need to organize a large scale invasion of Europe in the shortest possible time—need it desperately in order to hit the Nazis while they are still groggy from the Soviet battering and before they can get their second wind? Along comes the Kilday bill, along comes the phony debate on the size of the army, along comes Herbert Hoover with advice to cut down the army and wait till 1944 before attacking the Axis—which advice is promptly endorsed *con amore* by two Democratic members of the "farm bloc," Senators Bankhead and Elmer Thomas.

DO WAR efficiency and national morale require adequate food supplies for our armed forces, our civilian population and for lend-lease needs? A subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee looks after that by rejecting a request of President Roosevelt for $100,000,000 for incentive payments to farmers who increase production.

Do we need to maintain and buttress the unity of all classes of the population in the war which will decide whether Americans are to be free men and women or slaves? The Hobbs bill (HR 353) will see to that: it would put labor in a straitjacket by subjecting practically every legitimate trade union activity to the provisions and harsh penalties of the Anti-Racketeering Act.

Do we need to wage aggressive political and psychological warfare among the peoples of other countries to counteract the Goebbels cajolery? Hardly had there appeared *the first issue of Victory, a new* government publication intended for foreign consumption, than three congressional investigations of the magazine got under way. One of the charges against it was that it published an article presenting the Commander-in-Chief in too favorable a light. The congressional buzzards will doubtless manage to discover something worse: none of the articles ends with hail Hitler.

Do we need to strengthen the bond

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BY BLACKMAIL

among the United Nations for victory in war and the building of a durable peace? Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, bedecked with ribbons, bedizened with malice, jabs the needle into our British and Russian allies and puts fear into every nation by projecting postwar domination of the air by American big business. And from various congressional throats issues an obbligato in vitriol, insisting that the most urgent issue of the day is the acquisition of outright title to British bases in this hemisphere in place of the present ninety-nine-year lease.

But all these are mere molehills compared to the mountain of sabotage and obstructionism represented by the three-to-one endorsement of the Dies committee. Again we refer our readers to Earl Browder's penetrating Lincoln Day speech in Baltimore. Because of its importance this address is being published as an advertisement in a number of the country's leading newspapers.

"Martin Dies," Browder said, "has declared that he hopes for the defeat of our ally, the Soviet Union; he has slanderously denounced Joseph Stalin, Commander-in-Chief of the Red Armies, as the chief enemy of our country; he has echoed all the slogans of Hitler and promoted them; and now the majority in Congress has renewed its declaration of confidence in that same Martin Dies and all he stands for."

It is small comfort, Browder points out, to say that Dies does not represent the Roosevelt administration or the majority of the American people. "For this Congress has the power, and a reactionary, defeatist coalition of Hoover Republicans and Wheeler Democrats is influencing a majority of Congress to use this power, under our Constitution, to throw confusion into the war effort, to disrupt the national unity, to negate the declared policies of the President, and to serve notice on our allies that they cannot depend upon the United States honoring the commitments which have been made by the President."

It is men of the venal, defeatist stripe in Congress and outside it whom President Roosevelt had in mind when he cited Benedict Arnold in his Washington's Birthday speech and denounced those Americans "whose words and writings are trumpeted by our enemies to persuade the disintegrating people of Germany and Italy and their captives that America is disunited—that America will be guilty of faithlessness in this war and will thus enable the Axis powers to control the earth."

"Upon what meat hath this our Caesar fed?" Whence the arrogance of these wreckers? Basically they dare to wage war against America because America has not yet begun to wage war against them. Neither the administration nor the people have yet realized in sufficient degree that total war requires an offensive against the Dieses, Coxes, Hoffmans, Wheelers and Nyes and against their mentors of the Hearst, McCormick-Patterson, and Scripps-Howard press. Total war requires too the striking down of all discriminatory practices that prevent Negroes and the foreign-born from making their full contribution to the nation's battle. And total war requires positive measures to organize our war economy so efficiently as to reduce to a minimum those strains and dislocations which the defeatists exploit to alienate large sections of the people. Mere sideline criticism of the administration on these questions is hardly helpful. Organized labor and the entire people must show far greater initiative in strengthening the President against those forces in Congress and within the administration itself that move toward a negotiated peace, toward a Darlanized Europe and a Hearstized America, and toward the certainty of new gigantic wars.

UNDERLYING the present congressional orgy there is also, as Browder emphasized, "fear of victory over the Axis because that victory is being advanced today primarily by the Soviet Union." This fear is being nursed not only by outright pro-fascist newspapers like the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune,* but by a paper like the New York *Times,* which ever since June 22, 1941, has been trying to eat its victory cake and have its anti-Soviet penny too.

The way to combat this fear is not by further concessions to those who spread it, but by strengthening collaboration with the Soviet Union and particularly by hurling our full force into the fight against the common enemy. Bold action both abroad and at home is needed to carry through the decisions of Casablanca. Each of us must be part of that action, each of us through our unions, our churches, our other organizations, through the exercise of our rights as citizens and voters can help end the bacchanale of betrayal on Capitol Hill and bring our country's full weight upon the scales of history that rise on Europe's bleeding shores.

THE EDITORS.

Dies

Reynolds

Brooks

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Sealing the Ceiling

NO RATIONING of gall will be necessary—there is an over-plentiful supply in the 78th Congress. For instance, consider those gentlemen who lambaste workers as unpatriotic for asking a few cents an hour wage increase in an effort to catch up with the cost of living, but who also denounce as unpatriotic any suggestion that very high incomes be limited. A heavy frost settled over the House Ways and Means Committee upon receipt of a letter from President Roosevelt to Chairman Doughton making precisely that suggestion.

At present, under a presidential executive order, salaries are limited to $25,000 after taxes, but income from other sources is not restricted. Moreover, it has been pointed out that the present method deprives the Treasury of some of the income tax revenue it would normally get if salaries were allowed to go higher. The President's proposal remedies both these defects, making it possible for the Treasury to tax 100 percent that part of income from whatever source which, after deducting taxes, exceeds $25,000 for a single person and $50,000 for a married couple.

ON WHAT grounds does Mr. Roosevelt base this request? On the ground that "it is a gross inequity in wartime for one man to receive a salary in excess of $67,200 a year [before tax deductions] while the government is drafting another man and requiring him to serve with the armed forces for $600 per year." On the ground that it is "a gross inequity for the president of a corporation engaged in the production of materials for the government to receive a salary and bonus of $500,000 a year while the workers in the corporation were denied an increase in wages under the provisions of the law and my executive order." And finally, on the ground that "the correction of such inequities . . . would aid in the effective prosecution of the war."

"Confiscatory," barked Representative Disney of Oklahoma. But he'll have a tough time explaining to the American people why $25,000 after all taxes are paid is not enough for a single person to get along on. To those little men who have fought the $25,000 ceiling by trying to make it appear that the idea was taken from the Communist Party 1928 platform, the President replied by quoting the Republican and Democratic platforms of 1924, which urged a draft of wealth as well as men in case of war. And he might have added that conventions of the American Legion have year after year adopted resolutions along the same line.

THE President's leadership on this question is a welcome departure from the scuttle-and-run tactics which the administration has lately been pursuing toward the defeatist and predatory mob now dominating Congress. To be successful, however, this initiative must enlist the support of the people, and not on one issue alone—on the whole program required to give flesh and blood to the decisions of the Casablanca conference.

Jim Turnbull

Manpower Muddle

NO BUILDER would attempt to construct a modern skyscraper by improvising as he went along. Yet that is exactly the method being followed in putting together America's war effort.

Late last summer the Tolan committee showed that effective utilization of the nation's manpower "calls for a detailed knowledge of the total demand for labor in war production, the preparation of schedules for the flow of such labor to the expanding jobs as contracts are undertaken, and the training and upgrading of that

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labor to keep pace with expansion. The job calls for the location of available labor supplies, and over-all planning for their training and placement."

This significant warning has not been heeded. The manpower program remains a makeshift. Worse, it is jerry-built without reference to the complex production problem of which manpower is only a part. True, War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt's recent attempts to utilize labor power more efficiently and more intensively are correctly motivated. But without a plan (for which Mr. McNutt cannot be held completely—or even primarily—responsible) the War Manpower Commission continues to work pretty much in the dark.

The recent McNutt order naming non-deferable occupations and giving workers in these occupations till May 1 to get essential jobs is a case in point. The purpose of this order is excellent: to shift workers from non-essential to essential employment, and to promote the induction into the Army and Navy of all physically fit men between eighteen and thirty-eight who are not in essential occupations. But instead of a planned allocation of workers to those sectors of the war effort, whether in production or in the armed forces, where the particular workers can be of greatest service, this method relies on a kind of economic gravity. Under the threat of military conscription, elevator operators, waiters, and others in the non-deferable category—many of whom ought to be in the Army and Navy—are being lashed into looking for war jobs or starting to train for such jobs. But, as Mr. McNutt later admitted, many of these men are chasing a mirage; even after getting essential employment, they will eventually be drafted. Not only is this approach inefficient, wasteful, and demoralizing, but it tends to stigmatize the highest form of patriotic service, membership in the armed forces, as an evil to be averted at any cost.

There is no substitute for a planned over-all program. And such deceptive shortcuts as the Austin-Wadsworth bill for a compulsory labor draft provide a "cure" that is worse than the disease. The tacking on of an open-shop amendment to this bill revealed the main purpose of the proposed legislation. And the failure to reorganize the American economy to meet the stress of war encourages the defeatists to aggravate the confusion of the home front—even at the price of victory.

"Don't Draft Labor"

"THE attempt to draft labor is . . . impossible and dangerous. . . .

"A soldier serves the nation directly. There is but one master in the case and that master is America. He serves to profit no one but the country as a whole. There is no distinction between him and his comrades. He enters an immemorial status. His entry is not contractual. He is clothed, fed, housed, and attended.

"As long as our present industrial organization maintains, industry is in the hands of millions of private employers. It is operated for profit to them. The employe therefore serves in private industry operating for gain. Enforced and involuntary service for a private master is and has been clearly and repeatedly defined by our Supreme Court as slavery."—Bernard M. Baruch, in a memorandum to a Joint Congressional and Cabinet Commission on organization for war, 1931.

Cleanup in WPB

"MR. WILSON is a production man, and our job today is primarily a production job." So Donald Nelson explained his request for the resignation of Ferdinand Eberstadt as vice-chairman of the War Production Board, and his appointment of Charles E. Wilson as chief of all WPB industry branches of programs and activities.

Mr. Nelson's strong action at long last resolves the conflict plaguing the WPB for the past months. Eberstadt's resignation did not result from a misunderstanding or merely from personal friction. The battle between Wilson and Eberstadt arose over a difference of outlook on how WPB should function. Mr. Nelson's clear-cut choice of Wilson's position leaves no doubt that the WPB chairman has turned his back on both the business-as-usual conception underlying Mr. Eberstadt's much vaunted "controlled materials plan," and on the clique intriguing to hand production over to the Army and Navy procurement agencies.

Eberstadt made no bones about what course he favored: he set about substituting military for civilian direction of WPB; his controlled-materials plan passively accepted as inevitable present shortages of critical raw materials; he was content merely to divide what was available among the various claimants, with the largest share going to the services for consumption any way they saw fit, without supervision and without relation to the war production program as a whole. He resisted any attempt to augment supplies of materials—his "cure" was to set up an orderly, neat accounting system to balance withdrawals against available supplies. The result was to freeze dislocations and to enshrine the status quo.

Charles E. Wilson balked at this complacent acceptance of inadequacies. He considered shortages a proof of weakness; his method was to swell the flow of materials. He stressed speed of performance, planned utilization of facilities and materials, exact scheduling of production processes. In other words, he really *is* a production man.

MR. NELSON'S fight has just started. He deserves great credit for his courage in defying the entrenched partisans of Eberstadt, and in challenging the procurement agencies. He is strengthened by the immediate approval expressed by the eight senators who are sponsoring the Kilgore-Pepper bill for an Office of War Mobilization. Yet, while Mr. Nelson has taken a step toward the needed integration which this legislation would help provide, he must now resist the opposition of the procurement agencies. Nor will the business-as-usual groups take Mr. Nelson's declaration of independence lying down.

No doubt the struggle will be bitter and unrelenting. Mr. Nelson however, can count on help from organized labor—he could make this support more effective by fulfilling former promises to include labor representation on leading WPB committees. In Mr. Wilson he has an associate not given to backsliding or surrender. He can expect real backing from the Pepper-Kilgore coalition in the Senate.

One thing is certain: For the first time in its history, the War Production Board is no longer trying to go in two opposite directions at once. Now it actually seems about to buckle down to the job the President intended it to do when he created the Board. WPB returns to first principles—to the task of fighting the Axis with production, more production, and still more production.

Dollars for a Stab

IT TAKES time but the truth somehow manages to wiggle through. Think back to the winter of 1940 when millions of us were aghast at the State Department's offer to finance Franco to the tune of $100,000,000. The offer was denounced by every democrat as another attempt to buy off the Madrid gauleiter. Mr. Hull denied the charges. In fact, he said it was the Franco government which made the request for credits. When protests began to descend, Hull stated that

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the subject of credits was not even under discussion.

Now we have the proof that the State Department did offer $100,000,000 under circumstances which cast more shame and disgrace on this phase of American diplomacy. The evidence is presented in a new book, *Appeasement's Child: The Franco Regime in Spain,* by Thomas Hamilton, a recent correspondent in Madrid for the New York *Times*. Hamilton tells how in late 1940 Spanish fascists were insulting our government, doing everything to convince the Nazis that Franco's heart belonged to Hitler. All this culminated in an attack by a fascist gang of students on the American Embassy. Ambassador Weddell informed Serrano Suner, Franco's brother-in-law and at the time Foreign Minister, that a hostile student demonstration was planned and even named the day. "No extra guards," writes Hamilton, "were provided, however, and even the two usually stationed in front of the Embassy were absent when the gang came up and started shouting its opinion of the United States. When Mr. Weddell came out, one of them grabbed his arm and tried to hold it up in the fascist salute. . . . This was the signal for the stone throwing. . . . Over a week elapsed before Mr. Weddell was able to see Franco, and meanwhile the only step taken by the government to express regret was the suspension of the leader of the Madrid University fascist organization. At last, however, the interview took place, and we offered the once famous $100,000,000 *instead of demanding an apology.*"

HAMILTON'S story of the credit offer was naturally stopped by the censors but managed to leak out through Lisbon "and the American public learned of this astonishing transaction nevertheless. The reception was highly unfavorable, and Secretary of State Hull announced that although Franco had requested a $100,000,000 credit, he had been refused. . . . The general idea, however, that Franco could be bought off was not dead, and when it reemerged it was in the even more undesirable form of a credit by Argentina—to be partly underwritten by England and the United States." Argentina rejected the credit offer, reports Hamilton, but the deal for Franco's benefit was taken care of in some secret way. "The deal went through in January 1941, at a time when Spain had just two weeks' supply of wheat left."

Thus Franco the fascist was anointed by the State Department and saved from collapse. It was the same policy which kept Vichy going and made it possible for a Murphy to collaborate with Darlan and Peyrouton.

And what was our reward for this assistance to Franco? General Eisenhower has to keep a strong force of the US Army around Spanish Morocco to prevent a joint Franco-Hitler attack from separating our troops in French Morocco from those in Algeria. Dollars for a stab in the back!

Bombardier Meyer Levin

THE other day it was the boy with the Irish name—Colin Kelly; today it is the boy with the Jewish name—Meyer Levin. Two Americans, two heroes. Both offered up their lives, willingly, simply, for their homeland. Both represent the folk of all heritages that make up the fabric of our nation; both refute the loathesome Nazi thesis. Their short but glorious lives are flaming rebuke to those in America who are carriers of the Hitler lie.

Meyer Levin was Captain Kelly's bombardier; he survived his commanding officer long enough to go on fifty more raids. He held the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, and the Oak Leaf Cluster. The first he won as a bombardier in Captain Kelly's Flying Fortress when they sank the Japanese battleship *Haruna,* the deed for which Kelly paid with his life. In the Battle of the Coral Sea Bombardier Levin blasted a 12,000-ton transport, winning the Silver Star. Once again he parachuted to safety, continued his work. This second feat brought him national renown. His neighbors and friends in Brooklyn presented his brave parents with a bronze plaque "to honor Meyer Levin, a bombardier of the United States Army Air Corps, who through valor, courage, and gallantry in action has distinguished himself in the service of his country."

AND now, the bombardier is dead. The names come thick and fast these days; a few weeks ago we wrote of the Sullivans; before that of men like Kelly. Today, Levin. Their lives and deaths must awaken in all Americans the sense of oneness—the final refutation of the abhorrent, divisive lies of Martin Dies, of Clare Hoffman, of Gerald L. K. Smith, of Charles E. Coughlin. Meyer Levin, son of a CIO unionist, died in the fight against fascism; he and his buddies died that white and Negro, Jew and Gentile, foreign-born and native, can live and flourish together under the Stars and Stripes. That is the meaning of their lives—the meaning of their heroic deaths.

Pilots to Waste?

AMERICA breeds good fliers; many unhappy crews in the Messerschmitts and Zeroes have learned that to their eternal regret. But Tokyo and Berlin have plenty of skilled aerial manpower; they embarked, years back, upon an ambitious aerial program. Their crews got expert and thorough training, as Coventry, Pearl Harbor, and before that, Guernica, discovered. Our need is to train ever greater forces for aerial combat; to snatch the air from the enemy. We have made headway; have we made it fast enough?

Judge William H. Hastie, who resigned recently as Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War, does not think so. He is reported to have resigned because of the Army's failure to provide proper facilities for Negroes in the Air Corps. Judge Hastie, first Negro to be appointed to the federal bench, was on the inside, and can talk with special authority. In a statement released to the press by the NAACP, he gives partisans for all-out war plenty food for thought. He tells the story, for example, of James H. L. Peck, authority on military and civilian aviation. "He is one of America's best known authors in this field," Mr. Hastie attests. "He knows his subject, for he has been a skillful flier and close student of aviation for years. He was a fighter pilot in the Spanish civil war." Yet, though the Air Command has been eagerly gathering men who have experience in aviation, there was no rush to get Peck. Why?

Peck is a Negro.

Judge Hastie cites similar instances in the various fields of the air service. Though we need pilots, need them badly, the service of many first class men goes to waste. Why? Their skin is black.

AS JUDGE HASTIE points out, it wasn't until March 1941 that the Army Air Corps began to accept applications from Negroes for aviation cadet training. But to this day, there is only one type of combat aviation—pursuit-flying—for which the Air Command will train a Negro. This is a puzzler. Though certain authorities had expressed doubt that the Negro was capable of making good as a combat aviator, pursuit-flying is the only field in which he is allowed to train. And that is the most difficult type of aerial combat. Judge Hastie

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asks: "Why was the Negro . . . not started off with observation flying or in bombardment where co-pilots and other crew members assist each other and share and divide responsibility?" Only the authorities have the answer. As was to be expected, Negroes are demonstrating their ability to perform the most difficult of air-combat tasks. It seems probable that some 200 Negro pursuit pilots will earn their wings this year. "This," Judge Hastie points out, "is more than token representation." Yet the failure of the Air Command to encourage or permit full Negro participation prevents the number of Negro pilots from reaching several times that number. Judge Hastie believes the figure would be closer to 1,000 pilots annually, if racial restrictions were abolished.

The war is surging to climax; it requires every man we can muster. The failure to fully enlist the eager manpower of one-tenth of our populace is objectively aiding the enemy. To ask if we can afford that is rhetorical. We can't. Our boys, crouching in North African ditches as the dive-bombers swoop low, will attest to that. Maximum aid to them must be the law of our land.

Victory in Oklahoma

A REAL victory for civil liberties and national unity was scored last week when the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals reversed a lower court's "criminal syndicalism" convictions of Ina Wood, Eli Jaffe, and Alan Shaw. These cases go back to August 1940, when police armed with liquor search warrants raided a bookshop and several private homes in Oklahoma City, seizing 10,000 books and arresting eighteen persons. These persecutions were inspired by the Dies committee and its copy in the Oklahoma Senate. Nationwide opposition was aroused by the glaring injustice of the raids, the charges, and the conduct of the trials.

In rejecting the prosecution's thesis that the Communist Party believes in political and industrial change by "force and violence," the higher Oklahoma Court takes direct issue with the dangerously fanciful allegations of Dies and his allies. Following shortly after Attorney General Biddle's admission that he had made a "mistake" in hounding Michigan State Senator Nowak, the Oklahoma decision may register a healthy reaction against divisive witch-hunts. It is to be hoped that the New York State Court of Appeals will follow the same enlightened position with regard to the case of Morris U. Schappes, and that similar reversals will take place in the case of Harry Bridges.

A complete Oklahoma victory is by no means assured, however. The appeals court has not as yet reversed the conviction of Robert Wood. Moreover, the new decision does not finally dispose of the cases, but sends them back to the lower courts for new trials. Until these cases are conclusively dismissed, and until the eight untried cases are won by the defense, it will be imperative to continue without letup the fight for the Oklahoma defendants. In that fight, led by the International Labor Defense, thousands of individuals, trade unions, and other organizations will continue and intensify their support.

With One Voice

AT LAST there is going to be a protest demonstration against the Nazi anti-Jewish atrocities worthy of the magnitude of those crimes. There has been too much of a tendency to take these horrors for granted and even, in certain circles, a feeling that it is better not to stress the specifically anti-Jewish aspect of Nazi frightfulness. Such an attitude, however well-intentioned (and often it is not well-intentioned at all), itself reflects anti-Semitic pressure and is a concession to fascist doctrine.

At the initiative of the American Jewish Congress, Monday, March 1, has been set as a day of nationwide protest against the Hitler pogroms. The broad character of this movement is indicated by the fact that besides twenty-six leading Jewish organizations, there will participate in this demonstration the AFL, the CIO, and the Christian churches of various denominations. In New York a great rally in Madison Square Garden will be held March 1 and similar meetings will take place throughout the country. Before the entire world it should be made clear that America speaks with one voice, demanding an end to the Nazi blood-orgies which seek the physical extermination of millions of European Jews.

WE NEED have no illusions, however, that mere protest will make the slightest impression on Hitler and his gang of virtuosi in the art of mass murder. And it would be the height of folly for the United Nations to encourage such blackmail ventures as that by which the Rumanian government is reported to be offering to release 70,000 Jews for fifty dollars apiece. Any negotiations with an Axis government are not only worthless as far as aiding the Jews is concerned; by creating diversions and inspiring appeasement moods, such negotiations help prolong the life of the Axis and with it the agony of Europe's Jews. There is no short-cut to salvation. The March 1 protest will be most effective if it helps mobilize the American people, Jews and non-Jews, for speedily carrying through the decisions of the Casablanca unconditional surrender conference. The sooner American and British invasion barges land on the European continent and strike together with the Soviet armies in the East, the sooner will liberation come for the Jews and all the tortured peoples of Europe.

Attention, Poets

NEW MASSES is planning a special issue in connection with the 200th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson on April 13. In connection with the anniversary we are offering a prize of twenty-five dollars for the poem which best expresses the spirit of Jefferson in terms of the issues of today. Poems need not necessarily refer to Jefferson or his work. Each entrant may submit any number of poems. All poems must arrive in our office not later than Friday, March 26. They should be addressed to Poetry Contest Editor, NEW MASSES, 104 E. Ninth St., New York. Judges of the competition will be announced in a future issue. NEW MASSES reserves the right to withhold the prize if no poem should be judged suitable for publication in the Jefferson anniversary issue.

First Lady of China

THE fact of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's appearance before the US Senate and later the House of Representatives as the spokesman of her valiant people testified to the great role the Chinese have played and are playing in the war. The first Lady of China got a hearty reception—eloquent testimony to the friendship which Americans hold for their Chinese colleagues. It shows, too, our anxiety that the Chinese armies be given all possible aid at the earliest possible moment.

If the unusual event of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's addresses to the two Houses of Congress typified the American determination to see the war through to victory arm in arm with our Chinese ally, Madame Chiang Kai-shek's remarks reflected the deep dissatisfaction felt by certain of her countrymen over our failure to give China greater support than we have. All anti-

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fascists will endorse China's resentment of our pre-Pearl Harbor policy. They look back upon our appeasement of the Japanese and our pitiably small aid to China as a tragic period in our foreign policy, akin to our refusal to bolster republican Spain. There has also been very considerable feeling among Americans that since Pearl Harbor we have failed to develop genuine coalition warfare with China. But if Madame Chiang's speech is intended to cast doubts on the grand strategy of the global war whereby Hitler's hordes have been selected as the center of the enemy's strength, against which our first maximum efforts must be concentrated—then we cannot agree with her. For Hitler is our principal foe. Our greatest possible strength must be thrown against his armies to bring them to final destruction. The immediate, urgent cry is for a second front in Europe. And nothing could hurt Japan as much as the removal of its principal support, Nazi Germany.

Madame Chiang, however, strongly implied that Hitler was not our main foe; she stated in so many words that Japan now has greater resources than Germany. It must be remembered, of course, that she has been away from her country for several months and that in the intervening period historic decisions have been made at Casablanca, of which the Generalissimo has been fully informed, and representatives of the High Command of both Great Britain and the United States have conferred in Chungking. These are indications of the working out of real collaboration. We hope that these indications have in good part allayed the disquietude among Chinese leaders regarding their isolation from the councils of the United Nations—a disquietude which was widespread several months ago. Particularly we hope that Madame Chiang's speech will not be exploited by the American defeatists who have tried to turn our attention from Hitler to the Pacific for the plain purpose of creating confusion and embarrassing the war effort. A constructive response to her plea will be found not in the deflection of our present energies but in the rapid unfolding of complete cooperation with China.

Eyes on India

THE glaring light of world public opinion should be focused on India. At this writing Mohandas Gandhi is dying. Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy of India, arrogantly defies a wellnigh universal Indian desire for national unity. The Secretary of State for India sidesteps the issue by declaring that London will not intervene. The people of the United Nations watch in alarm as this critical situation is permitted to play directly into the enemy's hands.

The crisis in India's struggle for national existence has rallied nearly all groups to a new, a greater unity than ever before achieved. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy, asking for unconditional release in order to negotiate with representatives of other political parties, disavowed sabotage of the war effort as a policy of the Congress Party. It revealed a genuine desire to heal differences with the Moslem League. The principal obstacle remaining to block the achievement of unity between these two great groups and with the Hindu Mahasabha, and other workers, peasants, and patriots is the continued imprisonment of Gandhi and thousands of other leaders.

Even the most conservative elements in India have demanded the freedom of Gandhi. Not only have wealthy industrialists appealed vigorously to the Viceroy, but to date three of the nine Indian members of the Viceroy's own Council have resigned in protest at his obstinacy. There can be no doubt that most, if not all, of the six Indians remaining on the Council will follow suit. If not, their political careers, except as ineffective lackeys of reaction, will be at an end.

Despite efforts of the Secretary of State for India to pretend that the handling of the crisis is entirely up to the Indian government, no one can believe that a matter of such great importance is not the concern of the War Cabinet in London. Today, as before, the Indian question remains the great exception to Churchill's win-the-war policies.

The problem of India long ago ceased to be simply the domestic concern of the British empire. The formation of a world-wide alliance to destroy the Axis made it the province of every individual member of the United Nations. The India problem today is focused upon the unconditional release of Mohandas Gandhi; the hundreds of millions who compose the United Nations must demand his release.

American officials in New Delhi and Washington have been canvassing the tense situation and the outcome of their inquiries is at this writing not clear. The many months of continued deadlock, climaxed by the British government's attitude toward this renewed crisis, show clearly that all possible pressure must be exerted from abroad. The aroused masses in the United States, and China, and elsewhere must today associate themselves with their brothers in Great Britain and in India. They must make it clear beyond question that India is their own problem in winning the war for liberty and freedom. They must voice overwhelming support for a policy of persuasion and intervention so that the blind spot of British policy may be quickly effaced.

Buen Vecino

IT WAS big news—of the biggest—in its meaning for victory: leaders of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 workers, divided about equally between Latin and North America, met to pledge their efforts to achieve labor unity in the Western Hemisphere. At a dinner given by the New York CIO in honor of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Philip Murray joined with the president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers in urging that labor throughout the United Nations come together in the common cause of crushing fascism and sustaining the victory for democracy.

Toledano, speaking for the people of Latin America, said in a stirring address: "We have proved that this is our war, that this is the war of each and every country of Latin America as such, and that this is the war of each country of the American continent as a whole. This is our war because fascism is a menace which intends to destroy the imperfect achievements of the old ideals of our peoples to which they have aspired since their struggle for independence, and because it menaces the possibility of bettering the achievements that we have obtained up to now." In urging joint, organized efforts by all trade unionists in the Americas, Toledano offered to "the democratic forces of the United States, to organized labor in this great country, our sincere and heartfelt cooperation not only for the present but also for the future."

In one of the strongest pleas he has yet made for labor unity, Philip Murray said that a recently created Latin American Committee within the CIO has been instructed by the International Executive Board "to give the greatest consideration to all of the problems affecting the relationships of the Latin American workers to the American trade union movement." The CIO, Murray declared, is bending backward to attain trade union cooperation within the United States in order to pave the way for international labor collaboration. He pointed to the President's Victory Committee and to the recently formed United Legislative Committee as examples of cooperation among the unions in this country; but he left no doubt that great obstacles must still be overcome before true unity can be achieved. In the international field Murray spoke of the failure of the AFL and the British Trades Union Congress to cooperate with the CIO in forming a joint body to represent the organized workers of these countries and the Soviet Union.

Progressive labor throughout the hemi-

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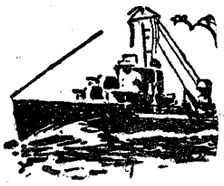
sphere, and throughout the world, will surely support the call for unity voiced by these two great leaders. The historic public meeting between Toledano and Murray must be the signal for renewed efforts to overcome the tactics of reactionary elements in the American labor movement who seek to prevent the development of international collaboration.

Moving Pins



SECRETARY KNOX of the Navy and Walter Lippmann in his syndicated column have been carrying on a rather interesting discussion which points once again to the question of how much we have actually learned about international politics in the last ten years. Mr. Knox, recently returned from a trip to our Pacific bases, has come to the conclusion that the future of American security rests in acquiring certain islands in the Pacific to prevent Japan from ever again committing acts of aggression against us. He has not specified which bases the United States must command, but some commentators presumed that he had in mind the south and west Pacific archipelagoes controlled either now or before the war by France, Great Britain, and the Netherlands. His conception is that these areas, including a few others now in Japanese hands, would constitute links in a protective chain. Mr. Lippmann commends the naval chief for his foresight, adding that the points raised by Mr. Knox are preliminary to putting the Atlantic Charter into effect. Mr. Lippmann also goes a step farther by transplanting the Knox plan to measures guaranteeing the safety of the Atlantic. (Of course Lippmann senses that the problem is not as simple as all that.)

If we may say so, the value of these discussions is hard to see. They are perfectly all right for bedroom generals who amuse themselves by moving pins around on a fifty-cent map. But both Messrs. Lippmann and Knox possess tough minds, and it should be apparent to them that the problem of our future security will not be determined by the number of battleships or chains of impregnable islands. Before December 1941 we had what seemed to be an unapproachable fortress at Pearl Harbor. Our British allies, as well as we, lost base after base in the Pacific—bases we had before the war. Singapore fell in a few days. And its collapse is attributable more to the evils of British colonial rule than it is to the fire of the Mikado's cannon. "If military power were all-decisive," warns Earl Browder in his *Victory—And After,* "the Axis could never have arisen." For the fact is that Germany was practically disarmed ten years ago and even with Italy and Japan could not by the wildest dream match the combined military power of France, the United States, and Great Britain. But appeasement succored Axis strength, weakened China by helping Japan, fed the panzers which looted Europe. The moral is obvious. Not everyone, however, has mastered it. We shall be repeating the catastrophic mistakes of the past if anyone believes that future peace lies in a few barbed wire spots in the Pacific Ocean instead of in correct political policy; or for that matter if anyone believes that the war can be quickly won solely by superiority in armaments.

Finally, talk about the bases the United States must have for an enduring peace is certain to rile the powers among the Allies who control them. It affects the coalition by cultivating the suspicion that certain groups in American life are concerned primarily with imperialist prizes as a reward for their participation in the war. Words are bullets, as a newspaper publisher like Mr. Knox should know. He ought to think twice before he fires.

The Red Army—25 Years

AS WE go to press, the headlines speak of Premier Stalin's order of the day, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army. As is customary in all his war statements, he again took stock of where the war in Europe stands. With a realism and tough-mindedness which an admiring world has come to expect from the supreme commander of the Soviet forces, he emphasized that the Red Army in the absence of a second front is "bearing the whole weight of the war." Time is working against the Nazis. Their failures at Stalingrad represent a shift in strength in favor of the Red Army while the Germans are becoming weaker and more exhausted. The tremendous sacrifices of the Soviet industrial personnel have overcome the advantage which the fascists had in technical equipment, especially tanks and planes. Red troops are mastering the use of their arms, commanders are becoming more seasoned and are taking full advantage of the Nazis' inflexible tactics. For those riding treacherous waves of optimism Stalin warned, as did President Roosevelt in his Washington anniversary speech, that "the enemy has suffered defeat but he is not yet conquered. . . . That is why there can be no place in our ranks for complacency, carefree attitude, or swank."

For Americans who last week expressed their deepest gratitude for the Red Army's achievements, their greatest task is to hasten the day of the western invasion of Europe. The Russians have made our job easier by routing 112 fascist divisions and inflicting 9,000,000 casualties. It is only in immediate joint combat with our Soviet ally that the Nazi defeats will be turned into final triumph for the United Nations.

Press Parade

"TAKING the liberty of opening my son's copy of his fraternity magazine, the *Purple and Gold,* because the kid used to allow me license to open his Chi Psi bills when he was in school, I ran across a picture and an item of the sort that makes an old guy stare vacantly out the window.

"The material was about the son of a pal of mine, Howey Murray.

"Howey's kid, Ensign Howell S. Murray X'41, was commended by the Navy Department, so the story told. It quoted from a piece in the NEW MASSES 'I Rode the Convoy to Murmansk,' in which one of those kid merchant mariners who have been blasted as being 'no credit to the nation' told of the hell the crew went through to deliver the goods. The story said:

" 'Our naval gun crew was magnificent. It was amazing how those young lads, none of whom had ever been to sea before, stood up under fire. Their commanding officer, Ensign Howell S. Murray of Chicago, coolly scanned the sky with his glasses and called out the range and firing orders in a calm, clear voice. One would have thought he was out shooting ducks on a nice summer day . . .'

"There's only one thing wrong with the story. The Murray kid wouldn't shoot ducks in the summer; it's out of season.

"But, as I thought of the enthusiastic hurrahs for the Murray kid in the NEW MASSES, I thought of the arguments his daddy and I have had about the changing order; arguments that were discontinued by tacit mutual consent.

"Murray, Sr., is a financier, and as square a fellow as I've ever met. Under ordinary circumstances the NEW MASSES would no more be expected to carry a tribute to a son of the house of Howey than the Chicago *Tribune* would be expected to say a kind word for Comrade Earl Browder.

"I'd like to have had the moving picture rights on the way Murray Sr. looked when he first heard that the NEW MASSES had paid tribute to his swell kid. Before the war if young Murray had been mentioned favorably in the NEW MASSES his pappy would have had to sneak down alleys to escape being asked embarrassing questions by his La Salle St. country club, and music festival friends. Now those people will congratulate Howey.

"We windy old guys of the right, left, and middle, are finally getting to realize that we're 50-50 in one country, our own United States. Our kids in war have done that for us, and we should be forever grateful to them for educating us."—Herb Graffis in the Chicago *Daily Times.*

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

WHO'S SHOOTING WHOSE BULL?

Washington.

THERE was a time when the so-called congressional farm bloc—that coalition of reactionary Republicans and poll tax Democrats who speak the words of NAM with voices disguised to sound something like the man behind the plow—there was a time when the farm bloc demanded the head of Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard. Those days are past. Secretary Wickard is now all right by his former critics. He has been forced to capitulate to the inflationary, business-as-usual pseudo-agrarians, who happen to represent banks, insurance companies, plantation owners, and corporation landholders.

Wickard has backtracked as the result of pressure. Toward the end of 1942 Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, a moving spirit of the farm bloc, called a meeting, attendance by invitation only. About eighty to ninety carefully chosen dignitaries foregathered in the Elizabethan Room of the exclusive Hotel Washington just across from the Treasury Building. That well known dirt farmer, Frank Gannett, publisher of a string of reactionary newspapers, a power in Republican politics in upstate New York, and now and then a victim of an irrepressible urge to be President, delivered the keynote address. As owner of the *American Agriculturist,* a less-than-liberal newspaper devoted to the farmers' interests as interpreted from the vantage point of big business, Mr. Gannett clearly had a major contribution to make to any discussion on agriculture.

On this particular evening he carefully chose his words. Considering his connections, he surprised no one when he echoed the sentiments aired previously at the closed meeting of the NAM's Resolution Committee held at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City, Sept. 17, 1942. Mr. Gannett restated the theme so succinctly expressed by Lammot du Pont, who had remarked with matter-of-fact realism: "We hold the aces. . . . They want what we've got. . . . Deal with the government and the rest of the squawkers the way you deal with a buyer in a seller's market!" For his part, Mr. Gannett insisted that the big farmers had the administration over a barrel. He urged the meeting to inform President Roosevelt that unless the farm bloc got what it wanted, production would suffer. He pressed this point: either the administration yielded to the farm bloc, or it would face a sitdown strike of producers similar to that threatened by the NAM industrialists, and furthermore, Mr. Gannett promised a smear campaign against the administration and the war program the like of which had never before been seen.

Senator Wiley of Wisconsin, overcome by enthusiasm, and with startling bluntness considering the number of poll tax Democrats present, exclaimed that this was the best Republican meeting he had attended since he came to Congress.

OF THOSE present at the Hotel Washington, no one represented a bona-fide farm organization, unless the spokesmen of large operators like the Milk Producers Association and the US Livestock Association can be magically transformed into genuine proponents of the dirt farmer. Sitting among the guests, and nodding approval, were none other than those two agronomes, the defeatist Senators Wheeler and Nye. Their recent intense interest in the farm bloc's maneuverings makes sense when it is recalled that the bloc has done yeoman's service in attacking labor, price-control, rationing, in fact every administration proposal designed to strengthen the war effort. Also present were Senators George, O'Daniel, Shipstead, Capper, Aiken, Willis, Wiley, and of course, the host, Elmer Thomas, who a few years ago was very thick with one Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oak, Mich. Among the Representatives invited were Pace, Andersen, Andresen, Dworshak, Fulmer, Rizley, LeCompte, Kinzer, Lambertson, Mundt, Plumley, Case, Hull, Boren, Pittenger, and Brown of Georgia—all identified with the farm bloc.

A handful at the conference expressed disapproval. Murray of Wisconsin, conservative Republican who has always gone along with the farm bloc, couldn't stomach the remarks of Ralph Moore, past master of the Texas Grange, manager of the campaign against Prentiss Brown in Michigan, connected with influential cotton and livestock groups for whom he talks in Washington. When Moore finished supplementing Gannett's NAM remarks, Murray jumped up excitedly to condemn the proceedings as the type of activity which created disunity and unrest among American farmers in time of war. So saying, he turned on his heel and angrily stalked from the hall. He was followed by Kopplemann of Connecticut, who denounced the gathering as verging on "treasonable activities," and by Hook of Michigan who expressed much the same condemnation. Flannagan of Virginia withheld his approval. The Agricultural Commissioner of Michigan, scheduled as a main speaker of the evening, refused at the last minute to deliver his address. But the rest of the guests enthusiastically applauded the Gannett-Moore line.

Senator O'Daniel of Texas livened up the discussion by indulging in a long and rather discursive excoriation of the President, Leon Henderson, the Farm Security Administration, organized labor, and the New Deal in general. He grew particularly excited when he accused the administration of killing off cows that produced dairy products and, he said in substance, "They are also shooting the bull. Now that they've shot the bull, it is no wonder the farmers are killing the cows. The farmers need the bull, but not the kind they are getting from Roosevelt and Henderson."

This caused vast merriment, with some expressions of confusion as to what, exactly, O'Daniel meant. By the time the meeting adjourned, a program had been accepted. The farm bloc would resist the Food-for-Victory program as originally outlined by Secretary Wickard. It would adapt to agriculture the NAM's sitdown tactics originally planned for industry. It would fight all non-inflationary legislation, no matter how high farm prices (and consumer's prices with them) might soar. After all, Senator Thomas pointed out, no matter to what levels prices on farm products rose, they had no bearing on inflation. Senator Wheeler couldn't resist patting Thomas on the back. Tom Linder, agricultural commissioner of Georgia, beamed—he had raised such a fuss over the first price-control bill and had aired his anti-Semitism so openly that even the farm bloc felt he had gone a little far. But this evening he was back in good standing. Frank Gannett again insisted that the administration had led decent Americans around by the nose long enough. He too basked in the sunshine of Wheeler's approval—for be it recalled that Gannett maintains very cordial relationships with Mr. Sexauer of the New York Dairyman's League, who in turn has been close to America First.

IN RETROSPECT, the meeting can be described as a complete success for its leaders. Wickard couldn't take it—he

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folded up under fire, and as a result of the fierce behind-the-scenes pressure placed upon him after the meeting. Within a few weeks the secretary forced the resignation of H. W. Paresius, director of food production, and Donald Montgomery of the Agriculture Department's consumer counsel. Instead of proceeding with plans to draw the small producers (seventy-five percent of all farmers divide fifteen percent of all farm income) into the drive to increase production, Wickard yielded to the farm bloc's "profits-for-the-few" clamor for unrestricted price rises. Discarded was the program to pool machinery, shift farmers from unproductive to productive land, give credits and subsidies to those who need help. Wickard's backtracking can only lead to the sacrifice of three-quarters of the farmers for the top one-fourth, to increasing the burden that a rising cost of living loads on the consumers. By turning his back on the only genuine farmers' organization, the Farmers Union, by flouting the Farm Security Administration, the Secretary put aside a planned integrated program in favor of inflation and its inevitable consequences: shortages, starvation, suffering.

THE farm bloc has grown more arrogant than ever. If the blackmail tactics adopted by the Hotel Washington conference can show success in such short order, the logical conclusion is that even sharper and steeper demands will bring ever greater concessions. Wickard is on the run. His faint protests came too late and in too little volume to stop the farm bloc from destroying in committee the administration's proposed incentive payments for small agricultural producers. Senator Johnson of Colorado, ably assisted by Senator Gillette of Iowa, attacks the size of the army and rallies the farm bloc to confuse still more the already muddled manpower problem. Next in line for attack are the Farm Security Administration, already severely weakened by Wickard's appeasement, and price-control, labor, every other policy and agency, including Selective Service, that has administration backing.

Appeasement of this crowd never really appeases. On the contrary; Wickard's desertion only whets the appetite of the most closely knit defeatist coalition in Congress —the farm bloc. The administration tried giving in, with appalling results to the war effort. It is time for the victory forces to get tough. A word from the President would set them in motion.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

HURDLING TUNISIA'S PITFALLS

IN THE words of Secretary of War Stimson, we have suffered in Tunisia "a setback which should be neither minimized nor exaggerated." I quite agree with this aphorism, worthy of Monsieur de la Palishe. Who wouldn't? Isn't it the perfect definition of the true perspective? Rather flat, but true.

Here is the situation at this writing. Rommel's armored forces, probably reenforced by von Arnim's panzers, emerged a few days ago from Faid Pass in Central Tunisia and drove our forces back sixty-six miles in four days. They have occupied the towns of Sbeitla, Kasserine, and Feriana, as well as three of our prized, hard-won forward airdromes. The pattern of the German operation seems to indicate that the enemy wanted, among other things, to get hold of the railroad which runs from Sousse and Kairouan to Redeyef. This line almost parallels the one that we lost some time ago, which runs from Sfax to Maknassy via Gafsa to Nefta on the western tip of the great salt marsh called Chott Djerid. The enemy seems to have thrust southwest and then veered ninety degrees to push northwest, to create what appears to be a threat to the rail and highway junction of Tebessa, twelve miles from the Tunisian-Algerian border, inside Algeria.

At the moment our Tunisian forces (probably units of the Fifth US Army) are separated from General Montgomery's Eighth British Army by a gap of about 175 miles. Within this gap are two obstacles: the so-called Mareth Line which Montgomery is about to tackle head-on; and the narrow bottleneck, no more than ten miles wide, between the sea at Gabes and the marshy wilderness of Chott Djerid, which is reported impassable. Both tactical obstacles are in Rommel's hands and it would seem that the second is the more defendable, the Mareth Line having been constructed by the French against the Italians during the days when Mussolini was bellowing "Nice! Savoy! Corsica! Tunis!"

The two German forces, Rommel's and von Arnim's, have merged, as was to be expected since that merger was the objective of Rommel's long march from El Alamein. On the other hand the Allied forces, Eisenhower's and Montgomery's, are separated by 200 tough miles. After the three-and-a-half month breathing spell the Axis Command got in Tunisia, Rommel plus Arnim looks stronger than either arm of the Allied pincers that seem to threaten them. They still have time to strike together against one of those arms and damage it considerably. Numerically they are not superior but in terms of experience, toughness, equipment, and communications they have the advantage over the Allied western group. They may not be stronger than the Eastern group in all respects but they are favored by the protective obstacles, especially the Chott Djerid.

The German thrust has also added 4,000 square miles of elbow room to the 10,000 square miles the Axis held in Tunisia. Rommel may now detail his infantry and artillery to hold the Mareth Line for some time, and then the defile between Gabes and the Chott Djerid to delay Montgomery until he (Rommel) can, by a thrust to Tebessa, create a sufficient threat of encirclement to the Allied forces in northwestern Tunisia to force their retreat to the border of Algeria, from Tabarka on the Mediterranean to the western tip of the Chott Djerid. In such a case the Axis will have doubled the area of its *place d'armes* and will have a complete and very good network of communications.

THE potential danger lies not at all in the possibility of the Axis winning a decisive victory in Africa, like reconquering all North Africa, etc. The danger lies in two possibilities—one close, the other remote.

A stinging, though local, defeat may, if not gauged rightly, lower the morale of the Allies, among both the rank and file and, worse, the Command. The latter may say, *sotto voce:* "If we are not strong enough against 150,000 Axis troops, how are we going to invade Europe? Let us wait, look, listen, and do nothing until the African affair is out of the way." In other words, there may be a tendency to use the Faid Pass setback as an excuse

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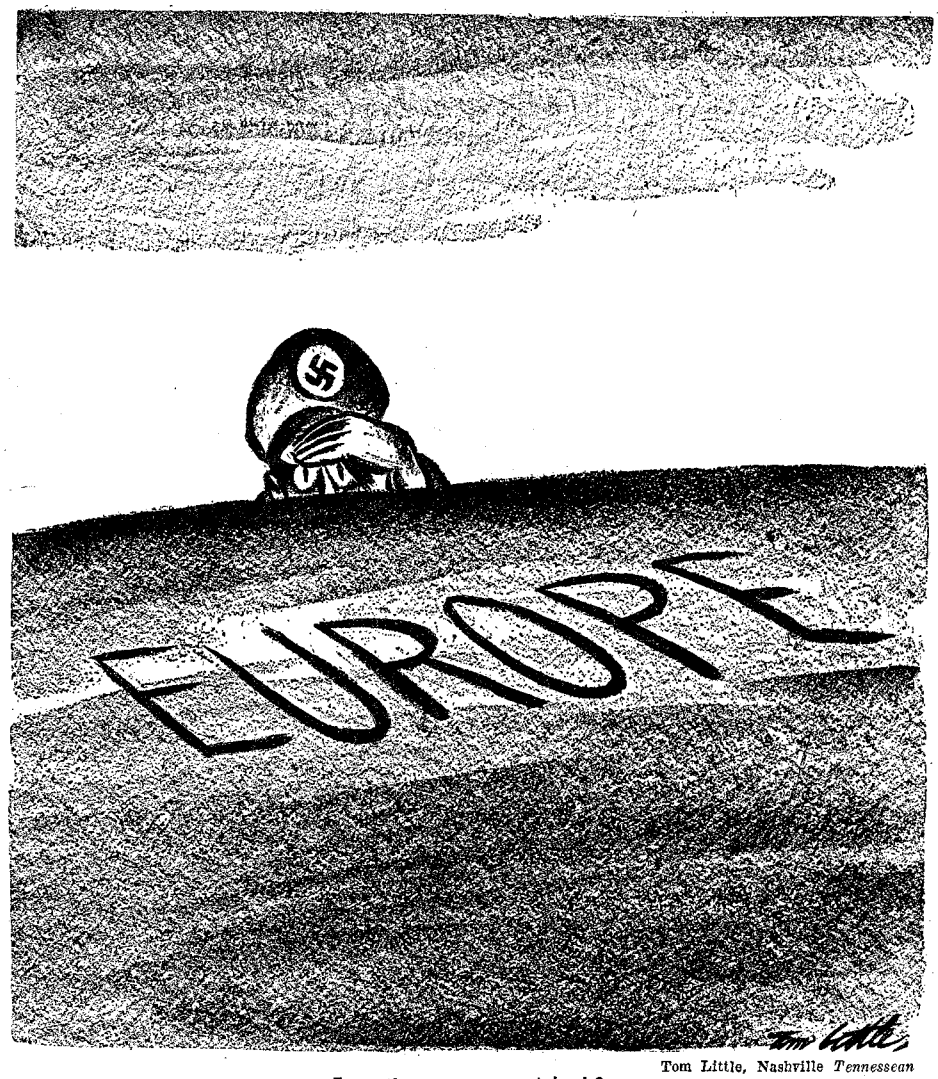

Tom Little, Nashville *Tennessean*

Expecting company, Adoph?

to postpone the opening of a second front. (Africa is *not,* never was, and never will be anything like a second front.)

The more remote possibility is that Germany, desperate because of her defeats on the Eastern Front, will move into Spain and start pouring troops into Spanish Morocco, thus creating a terrible threat to the entire deep rear of Eisenhower's armies. I repeat that this possibility is remote—but still a possibility. Remember, General Franco has said publicly that he staked his fate on an Axis victory. Faced with the prospect of either seeing the Axis go under, or opening his country to Hitler and actively helping him with troops, Franco will choose the latter course, even if he has been told that some circles in Washington consider him a sort of decent chap. And we must not forget that Hitler must do *something* after the trouncing he is receiving on the Soviet front. A simple widening of the Tunisian bridgehead will simply not suffice, either politically or strategically.

Tactically speaking, the Allied setback in Tunisia disclosed a number of things which are worth noting and remedying in the future. First, one should stop underestimating the enemy. It was broadcast weeks ago that Rommel had "lost all but fifteen tanks." Now he appears with a complete panzer division of his own—the 21st—and another one—the 10th—which was shipped over from France for Arnim. Secondly, it is time to realize that thirty-ton tanks are lighter than sixty-ton tanks and cannot stand up to them even when their crews are made up of heroes. This is what happened at Faid Pass. We simply did not have the right stuff there. Thirdly, it must be clearly understood that light anti-tank guns cannot pierce the armor of heavy tanks. It seems that our AA-artillery barely scratched the German "Mark-VI" monsters.

FOURTH, let us reflect that it might have been better to arm with modern weapons the French troops which were holding the sector where the recent breakthrough occurred, and use their experience and knowledge of the terrain, instead of pulling them to the rear and putting completely green American troops into the line against the most seasoned fighters west of the Dnepr and Dvina line. Let us also realize that "too little and too late" is just as dangerous in Tunisia as in Norway, the Balkans, the Far East and many other places.

Finally, it will be a good thing to remember that mud and rain are not an insuperable obstacle for determined troops. It did not stop Rommel's panzers at Faid Pass.

These are the things which we must understand when "not minimizing" our setback. If the lesson is studied and applied, the setback can be turned to good advantage. Let us learn from the victors—and from those who defeated those victors at Stalingrad, Voronezh, Kursk, Kharkov, Rostov, and Krasnodar.

And above all, let us not think for a moment that the enemy's success can bring him victory in Africa in the end. This is not in the cards. Africa is a secondary front now. It is at most a bridgehead which at this juncture can lead the Axis nowhere—because it is not strong enough any more to exploit it in a large sense.

We must not doubt the quality of our fighting men. They were defeated and they have lost quite a bit, but they fought well, as the counter-attack after the first blow proves. Poor troops do not counter-attack a superior enemy after a licking. We were defeated because of certain mistakes and the main one was to underestimate the enemy—or overestimate ourselves, which is the same thing after all.

SO THE true perspective, as we see it, is this: The situation of Germany, defeated as it is on the Eastern Front, and our reverses in Africa—reverses which will probably delay the completion of the Tunisian campaign for some time—make it absolutely imperative to strike at Europe within the next few weeks, *without waiting for final victory in Africa.* Half of the ships that brought General Eisenhower's army to Africa can carry a larger army to Europe from England (and 500,000 men were carried to North Africa in early November). It is to be assumed that in England we have good troops with heavier equipment than those that fought at Faid Pass, for instance.

There is a dictum which has been ascribed to a number of military leaders, in a number of versions. It goes something like this: "My center has caved in. My flanks are turned. Good. I do the only possible thing: I attack." This is what we should do before the spring thaw sets in in the Soviet Union and gives the German High Command a chance to settle down on a new defense line and then turn west, against us. Especially so because our situation is far from being as bad as that of the proverbial commander.

The time is: the Ides of March, or shortly thereafter.

The place is: Europe.

The means: the army in England.

The goal: victory over Germany in 1943.

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CONGRESS' TASKS—AND OURS

LET US NOT REPEAT PAST MISTAKES, SENATOR MURRAY URGES. "WIN THIS WAR"—REP. SADOWSKI. AN NM SYMPOSIUM.

Recently we addressed two questions to a group of senators and representatives of the new Congress: questions uppermost in the minds of the American people. They are: 1. What in your opinion are the chief tasks facing Congress? 2. What can the people do to assure the carrying through of these tasks? Last week we published the first five of the replies received. Others appear below.

James E. Murray

(Senator from Montana)

THERE is one and only one supreme task facing the 78th Congress: THE WINNING OF THE WAR! All other problems pale into insignificance before this stupendous task.

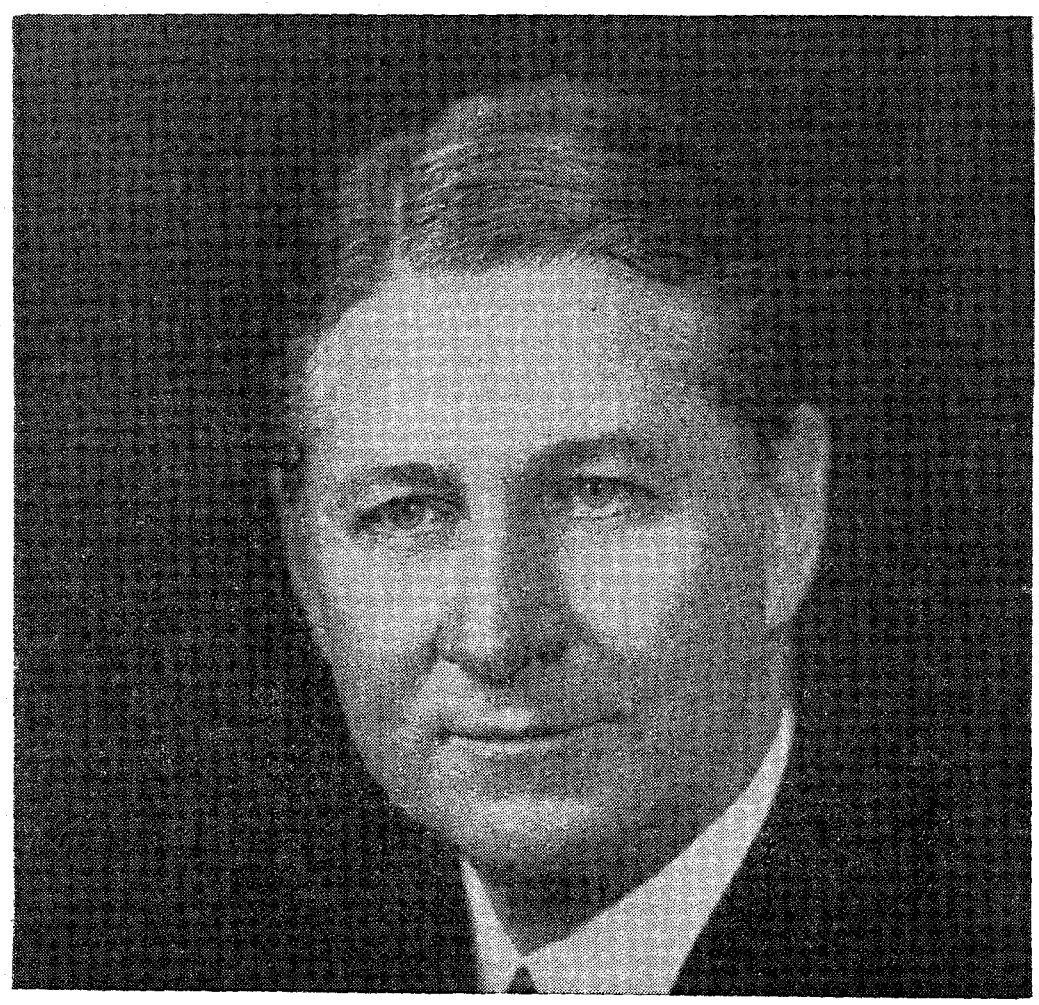
America did not pick a quarrel with the aggressor nations. The war was forced upon us by nations bent on imposing their tyrannical rule upon the world. The designs of these would-be enslavers of freedom-loving peoples were well known. Hitler had supplied us with a blueprint of the sort of world he was going to create, in his book *Mein Kampf*. And yet, despite these warnings, and even after he had laid waste one harmless country after another, the American isolationists and the paid agents of Hitler, Hirohito, and company continued to denounce President Roosevelt and the members of Congress who had seen the onrush of this world catastrophe long before it came.

Thus, America's real preparations for war did not begin until after the treacherous attack upon Pearl Harbor. Leaders and members in the 77th Congress worked feverishly to provide men and means to put this nation in a position to defend itself. For their efforts, the isolationists and their fellow-travelers called it a "rubber stamp Congress." But undaunted, Congress proceeded with the work of converting this nation into the Arsenal of Democracy. Realizing that the victory of Hitler and his barbarian legions would spell the doom of liberty and human dignity for centuries to come, Congress carried forward its plan of helping the nations arrayed against the aggressors.

Who would dare to say now that the lend-lease plan has not helped the cause for which we are fighting? Not only have our tanks and bombers and guns and food helped decimate the enemies on steppes of the Soviet Union, in the African desert, and the wilds of China, but the hope it has given to the nations united with us in this cause has helped them in their trying hour of this war.

What do I mean when I say that the supreme task before us today is the winning of the war? We are fighting the war to win the peace. That is our real goal. The winning of the war is a means to an end, but the real end is the bringing about of a state of affairs in the international arena when catastrophes such as we are now experiencing will no longer be possible. If we fail in bringing about an enduring peace, we shall have lost the war just as definitely as we lost the first world war. Who would dare to say now that the Allies had won the first world war? It might be correct to say that we had defeated Germany and her allies, but complacency and gullibility on the part of the American people had lost the peace for them. A few selfish and vain men inside and outside the Congress of the United States had nullified the sacrifices of the nation during the years of 1917-18. A handful of people in the Congress of that time, out of sheer personal animosity for President Woodrow Wilson, used their high position to camouflage their real reasons for opposing America's participation in world affairs. They wanted to destroy Wilson and they succeeded, and in the process they also destroyed the fruits of our sacrifices during the first world war. This has helped bring on the present world catastrophe, drenching the human race in blood, devastating whole countries, and setting the clock of progess back for countless decades.

Some people don't like to hear this subject mentioned. It is my contention, however, that we should forever keep before us the lessons of the last world war and the interplay of forces which contributed to the world's woes of today. The mistakes of today might come to plague the generations yet unborn. We owe it to the brave men of our own military forces and the gallant Russians and British and those of the other United Nations, who have already laid



Senator James E. Murray

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their lives down in order that we, the living, may continue to enjoy the blessings of freedom and liberty under our respective free institutions.

To win the peace, there must prevail the same *esprit de corps* in the ranks of the United Nations as exists now while our armies are fighting shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. That was not the case after the last world war. The deplorable blunders of the Allied nations in first abandoning the Russians and then aiding and abetting the counter-revolutionary campaigns against their new government must be accorded generous credit for helping bring on the present world conflagration.

Space does not permit a fuller discussion of this subject. It might also not make pleasant reading for some people. But this is the time to search our conscience and to study the mistakes of the past, especially for men in responsible government positions. An American ambassador of ability and understanding in the Russia of 1917-19, with the capacity to grasp the implications of the Russian revolution and the aims of her leaders, might have guided the Allied nations to take a wiser course, one which would have averted the onrush of the counter-revolutionary impulses which later on found expression in the fascist and Nazi movements in Europe.

THE wise founders of our Constitution had made ample provision for the safeguarding of the interests of our nation. Not infrequently a President might nominate an ambassador for reasons unrelated to outstanding ability. That is why it is provided that the Senate shall approve or reject the candidate. This is a prerogative which the Senate must guard most jealously. Two heads are better than one, and a wise President is not likely to take it as a personal affront when the Senate rejects a nominee.

In times of peace Congress might be content with the function of merely enacting legislation. But in times of war, especially a war as unprecedented as this one is, a war which is destined to decide the fate of mankind for countless centuries to come, it would be a luxury which the nation could ill afford. Congress, therefore, must keep a vigilant eye upon the proper interpretation and enforcement of the legislation it passes. I confess that there are today in the Administration branch of our government entirely too many newcomers to government service who still think in terms of their private enterprises. They forget that they are now servants of the people and not their masters. This erroneous attitude has caused much annoyance to the citizens of our country; it has hurt morale; it has engendered doubt in the efficacy of democratic government and its ability to defend itself against the aggressor nations.

An unprecedented war calls for unprecedented alertness and action on the part of the representatives of the people—the Congress of the United States. It must stand watch over the interests of the people by holding back the tide of the onrushing monopolistic groups. The destruction of small American business enterprises has been going on for some decades. The wholesale slaughter of America's small business would help bring here totalitarianism of one sort or another. To reduce the many millions of our citizens now engaged in what is commonly called small business to the status of mere wage slaves would spell the doom of our liberties and our way of life. The so-called small business is in reality the biggest segment of our economy—about ninety-five percent of the total American enterprises. That is why the 77th Congress was unanimous in its resolve to preserve this institution for the day when the cannon will cease thundering. I am sure that the 78th Congress will do likewise, that new means and ways will be found to perpetuate the institution which has helped make of this country the citadel of democracy.

WHAT can the people do to insure carrying out these tasks? The chosen representatives in Congress claim no monopoly of brains or ingenuity. They are part and parcel of the people inhabiting this country. They have been called to the highest legislative body of the land from farms and factories, from executive offices, and artists' studios. Their constituents must support them, they must guide them and periodically advise them of the people's wishes and needs. The people at home can help Congress by familiarizing themselves with the laws enacted and by observing them to the very letter and spirit intended by Congress. In these days of rationing of goods, in these days when so many millions have entered the war industries, it is for the people to do their utmost for their sons and brothers who have gone to the distant battlefields to fight against the implacable foes.

Too much is at stake in this war. The task is too gigantic for any one group to act on its own. There must be greater cooperation and coordination in all matters affecting the welfare of the nation. And this sense of cooperation must be extended far beyond the horizon and the deep oceans—to our British allies, to our Russian allies, to our Chinese and French allies, and all the other nations united with us in this titanic struggle against evil.

Once our enemies have been defeated decisively, once an enduring peace has been won, it will be the duty of the 78th and succeeding Congresses to usher in a brighter world—a world of economic and cultural and spiritual opportunity, which will afford every American citizen an equal chance to rise in his respective field of endeavor regardless of origin, creed, or color. We have the means, we have the skills and the technical genius to bring it about. Economic insecurity must vanish from this land and the rest of the world. Educational opportunities must become the birthright of every free-born American; the benefits of scientific progress must be made accessible to everyone who is willing to pay his quid pro quo in work and achievement.

This, in brief, is the task of the 78th Congress. A big task, to be sure, but by no means an unfulfillable task.

George G. Sadowski

(Representative from Michigan)

BRIEFLY, the first thing of importance is to win this war and beat the Nazis, fascists, and the Japanese.

I feel very keenly that the social gains that have been won by labor should be preserved, and I have made it my business to vote against and speak against the Dies resolution, the Smith resolution, and I intend to vote against the Hobbs bill, as well as all other anti-labor legislation.

I feel that we are, first of all, fighting the Nazi swine, and I am vigorously opposed to the tactics of some of the members of Congress who are trying to embarrass our Commander-in-Chief, and seem to be more interested in fighting labor and Stalin. After all, Russia is our ally, and the valiant fight the Russians have put up is now saving the lives of millions of our American boys, who otherwise would have to be sacrificed in order to beat the common enemy.

Although the ninety-four votes cast against the Dies committee are the largest number that have ever been cast in Congress, it still is very disappointing to me that now, in time of war, congressmen like Dies, Hamilton Fish, Hoffman, and others, will have further opportunity to create confusion and disunity, and to further hamper our war effort.

Joseph Clark Baldwin

(Representative from New York)

IN MY opinion, the chief task of the 78th Congress is to implement the Atlantic Charter.

The people should follow all legislation introduced in this regard, and request their particular congressman to support it.

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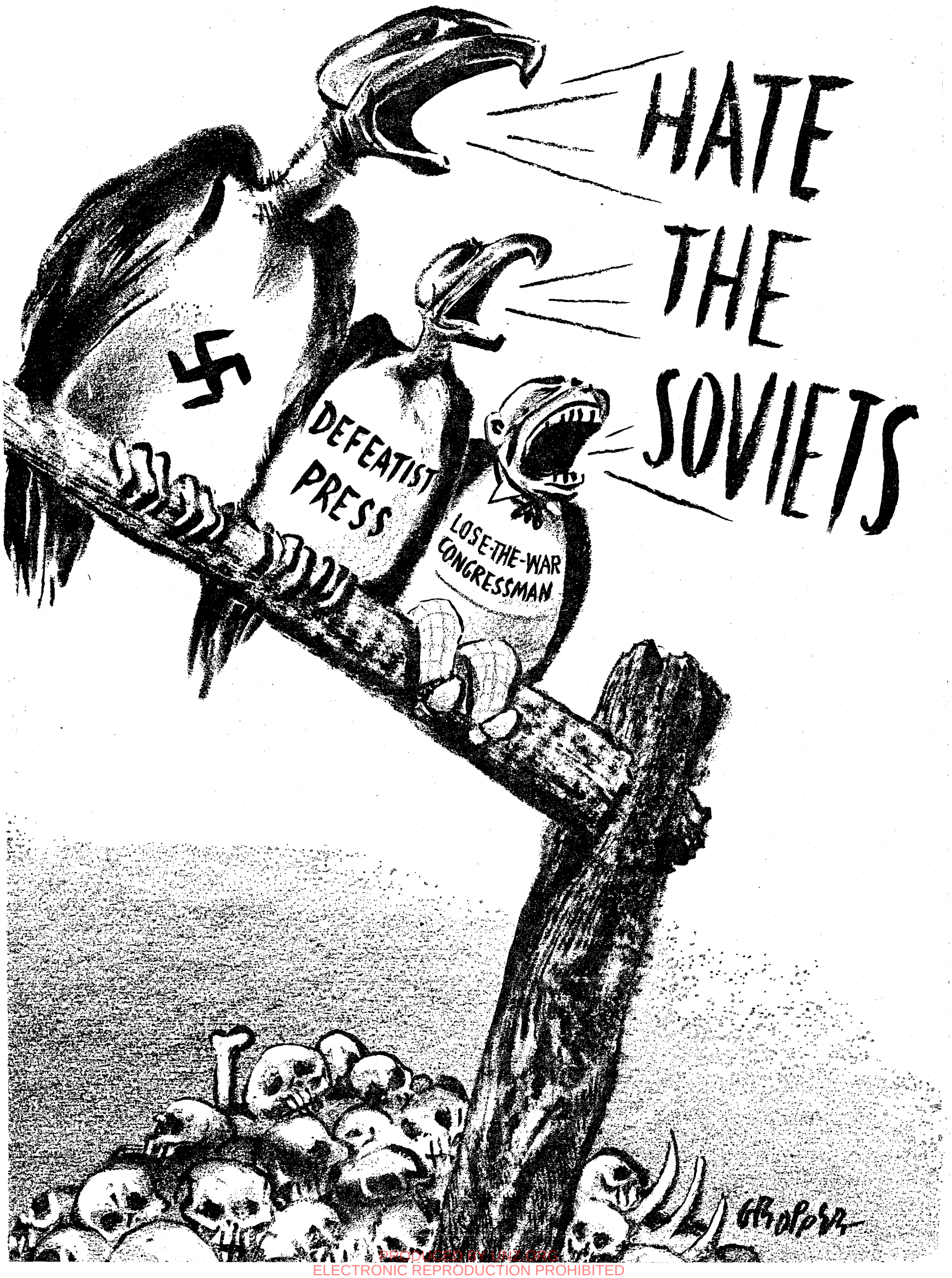

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FRIEDRICH WOLF *is best known for his magnificent anti-Nazi play "Professor Mamlock," which was performed in this country by the Federal Theater in 1937. The internationally famous film version of the play was produced in the Soviet Union, where Wolf lives today, an exile from his native Germany.*

The son of a Jewish merchant, Wolf was born in the Rhineland in 1888. He studied medicine, worked as a ship's physician on the North German Lloyd line, and during the first world war served as an army surgeon. In April 1918 he emerged as a powerful anti-war fighter, whereupon he was interned for "insanity." After his release he led one of the soldiers' revolts in Dresden. He was again imprisoned after the demonstration protesting the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg.

In the postwar years Wolf actively participated in workers' political movements, was a physician among the poor peasants of Swabia, directed and financed a theatrical troupe which toured the most backward districts of southern Germany presenting social plays, the most successful of which was his own "Bauer Betz."

In 1928 Wolf moved to Stuttgart and joined the Communist Party. His most famous social plays before "Professor Mamlock" include "Cyankali," "Florisdorf," and "The Sailors of Cattaro," which Brooks Atkinson considered the most trenchant play of the season when it was performed by the Theater Union in 1934.

Wolf fled to France after the Nazis took power. When the Germans occupied France he was imprisoned at the infamous camp of Vernet, from which he was released in 1941. Since then he has been in the Soviet Union, where he has produced new plays and stories of great distinction. He has made effective broadcasts to German workers over the Soviet radio.

KIKI COULD LAUGH

A Short Story **BY FRIEDRICH WOLF**

KIKI was a small black English setter, with wonderfully wise, light brown eyes, and long soft ears flapping like fly-whisks with every movement. But the best thing about Kiki was that he could laugh. When you stroked him and talked to him caressingly, he would draw up his upper lip, wrinkle his nose, show his white teeth and laugh. You could not doubt that Kiki was smiling at you.

No one knew how Kiki came to our hellish penal camp on the borders of the Pyrenees. One day he just appeared there, and went to work with us. When the section from our barrack fell in early for *corvee*—outside labor—Kiki was standing there by the section foreman, who was also a prisoner. And when we marched off in columns of three, Kiki trotted off with us, jumping about in front of the first group and barking happily. He accompanied us on road-making, on field work, on the construction of our own cemetery. We kept him in our Spanish International Brigade barrack. He was our pet. Two hundred healthy men had to have some object on which to lavish their affection, and there were no women there. We shared with Kiki the meager scraps of meat in our rations, we brushed his long, soft coat. Each group in the barrack had a special corner belonging to Kiki, for he liked occasionally to change his quarters. But his favorite place was by young Bertel, a twenty-one-year-old Viennese worker, who had fought with the Chapayev battalion in Spain on the Cordova front and by Madrid. In the evenings Bertel would talk for hours with Kiki in his Vienna dialect, and Kiki would gaze at him with his wise eyes and laugh and whine with pleasure. It was remarkable, too, that Kiki would take food from no one except the people in our barrack, and he knew every one of them. But the guards—the Gardes Mobiles and the sergeants—he avoided as much as possible. Undoubtedly, Kiki had character.

ONE day Bertel, the boy from Vienna, came home with his group looking very upset. The guards had tried to "play football" with him outside at work, because he had not carried the paving stones fast enough for their liking. To "play football" meant that a prisoner had to run with a heavy paving stone at top speed from one guard to another and back. One of the Gardes Mobiles would command: "Corner!" and the prisoner had to lay down the stone; the other commanded: "Goal!" and the prisoner had to pick up the stone again and run with it to the first guard. This would continue until the prisoner was completely exhausted. Bertel had simply refused to submit to this senseless sadism. One of the guards had struck him on the head with a rubber truncheon and knocked him down, whereupon Kiki had rushed barking at the guard. He tore a piece out of the guard's trousers and disappeared.

From that time on Kiki hated the guards and kept well out of their way. The guards, for their part, pelted him with stones. He could no longer come into the barracks.

In addition to the 400 heavily armed Gardes Mobiles, two

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companies of an infantry battalion were stationed outside to watch us. These infantrymen, unlike the old guards who had been brought from the colonies, were workers and peasants mobilized from southern France, good-natured, jolly fellows. Kiki showed good sense when he moved over to their quarters.

One day our section had to be present *"Au drapeau"* at six o'clock in the morning. With a column of the infantry battalion, we had to salute the colors when the flag was raised at the main entrance to the camp. We marched to the camp entrance, led by our section foreman, wheeled, and took up our position. Next came the infantry detachment, the officer and the trumpeter at the head, and fell in opposite us. The corporal approached the camp sentry who was arranging the flag and the line. Behind the officer's back the soldiers opposite winked at us. One man, a sour, red-headed fellow, made faces, another stretched out his leg, and Kiki began to jump backward and forward over the soldier's outstretched leg. We hardly knew how to contain our laughter. At this moment the officer commanded: *"Garde a vous! Presentez les armes! Au drapeau!"*

The trumpet sounded, the infantry presented arms, our prisoners' section turned their heads to the right where the tricolor was slowly mounting the pole. Once more the trumpet sounded. This time Kiki, who had taken up his position at the right wing beside the trumpeter, began to "sing." He sang like an opera star practicing high notes. He howled heartrendingly. All solemnity flew to the winds. Hand at salute, the officer glared furiously at the singing Kiki; then after the command "At ease!" had been given, he ordered the dog to be shot if he showed up in the camp again. The sentry chased Kiki out through the gate with blows from his rifle butt.

Of course Kiki was back again by midday. But his canine understanding told him very plainly that the soldiers' barracks now held the greatest danger for him, so once more he appeared in our barracks inside the barbed wire. He was received with all due honor, each one of us brought him a piece of bread and cheese and left-overs of meat. Bertel was in his seventh heaven. He took Kiki into his bunk, an upper one, and started a long conversation with him in which praise and reprimand were equally mixed. Then there was the "American," an old sailor who bragged that he had once earned a thousand dollars in one week in Los Angeles. He addressed himself to Kiki: "You little idiot—able to get out of the barbed wire, and stays here with us. Little fool!"

But Bertel defended Kiki: "He belongs to us; he's a volunteer here, just as we were in Spain!"

To play safe, however, Kiki was tied up on the upper row of bunks, near Bertel's straw mattress. For the present it was better for him not to show himself outside. But at every command of the guard, Kiki whined softly. He wanted badly to be taking part in things when his comrades from the barrack fell in or marched off.

And one midday he was actually there. Our section had just fallen in for *corvee,* when suddenly—we could hardly believe our eyes—there stood Kiki as in former days, at the right wing, a piece of broken string still hanging from his neck. One of us smuggled him quickly into the rear ranks, but as ill-luck would have it, the same officer who had been on duty when Kiki "sang," was at the gates when we marched out. He ordered the dog to be taken aside and shot. Of course, we took care to put Kiki down in such a way as to give him a good chance to make off. And now there began a wild chase for the dog by all the guards on duty. Kiki was hunted back and forth through the barbed wire like a desperate political offender. The guards pelted him with stones, but Kiki was too quick for them. At last they penned him in under the eight-fold barbed wire entanglement near the canteen attached to our quarters. The whole guard, almost fifteen hundred strong, had gathered about the barbed wire entanglement, and many an ugly word was hurled at them, for Kiki was ours. Some day we might find ourselves caught in the barbed wire like that.

At this point the sergeant-major approached. He ordered the guard to fix bayonets, as though preparing to storm an enemy position. Kiki sat silently in the barbed wire and gazed at us questioningly with his wise eyes. We turned to the sergeant-major: "Sergeant-major, leave it to us! We'll get the dog to come out, and then put him outside the camp!"

The sergeant-major glared at us as much as to say: "You and your dog, you're all the same breed!" He took a carbine and with the bayonet began to stab at the dog. Kiki avoided the thrust and moved to the other side, but there also a guard lunged at the animal. Kiki howled. And we also began to howl, and started a thousandfold "Huhuhuhu . . ." interspersed with whistles and threats at the guards. It was an infernal concert. Now the guards turned on us with rifle butts and bayonets. The sergeant-major pulled out his whistle to give the alarm. Even the owner of the canteen—*"La bonne mere"* or "the usurious aunt"—left her canteen and came to the barbed wire to watch the exciting scene with her two daughters, the lovely, voluptuous twenty-year-old Mimi and fifteen-year-old Peppa. At the sight of the bayonets pointed at us, *"La bonne mere"* screeched and disappeared at once. Mimi also retreated, and stood peeping out of the doorway. But little Peppa ran up to the sergeant-major and tore the whistle from his mouth. Everything happened in a flash, and the next moment the guards were driving us back into the barracks with their bayonets.

But where was Kiki? During the tumult he had got away. The sergeant-major came into our barrack in a furious rage, we had to fall in while the guards crawled all over our bunks and threw everything about. But it was no good—Kiki was nowhere to be found.

THERE was a spy in our barrack, "Max the Rat." Once we had sewn a dead rat in his sleeve to pay him out for some of his dirty work. He must have given Bertel away, for the sergeant-major had Bertel taken off.

In the middle of the night one of our cooks came to us, looking for Bertel. When he heard that Bertel was in the dungeon, he asked for the comrade who was a doctor. What was up? He led me behind the kitchen into the shed for coal and wood, and there lay Kiki on two sacks, behind a pile of coal. A bandage was round his ribs, and he was breathing with difficulty. He had crawled through the barbed wire during the confusion, and comrades had picked him up and brought him round the back way to the kitchen. Kiki wagged his tail when he saw me, one of the people from his barrack. He even drew up his lip and tried to laugh, but that was too much for him. His wounds were too serious, not so much the foot as the stab in the body. The lung had been pierced and a thick clot of blood could be seen between the fifth and sixth rib. He was taking small, shallow breaths, so as to use the lungs as little as possible. I ordered rest, a diet of condensed milk and water, and hundred percent silence.

During that same night something else occurred. In the middle of the night the upper bunk, in which "Max the Rat" slept, suddenly collapsed. Several of us fell upon the stool pigeon for hurting us in his fall. Max yelled that we were murdering him. Next morning he was taken to hospital with a broken foot. He vowed that he would rather walk barefoot through hell than spend another night in our quarters.

So we were rid of that stool pigeon. But at what a price.

Of course, next morning the whole of our barrack knew where Kiki was, but no one else learned about it. Kiki's condition changed drastically. He could take only milk soup. After five days Bertel came out of the dungeon. His head was bandaged up, his right eye was black and blue, and two front teeth were missing. We prepared a festive reception for him. Our cook made dumplings and baked cakes. Late that evening we told him Kiki's whereabouts.

When Bertel entered the shed, Kiki whined with delight.

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He jumped up, licking Bertel's hands and face, and now he really did laugh, drawing up his upper lip and showing his teeth. But that joyful leap cost him dear: Kiki began to spit blood.

NEXT midday, when Bertel went into the canteen to buy a tin of milk, Peppa was standing behind her older sister, Mimi. She looked attentively at Bertel's bruised face. Of course, she knew why Bertel had been arrested and Bertel had a very clear recollection of how the fifteen-year-old girl had sprung at the sergeant-major and torn the signal whistle out of his hand. At the time he had wondered how she came to know Spanish, but on this side of the Pyrenees there has always been quite a population of Spanish and Catalonian descent. He looked at Peppa, and Peppa looked seriously at him; and suddenly she winked, as though at an old comrade.

With his tin of milk in his hand, Bertel went thoughtfully over the dusty, dark grey camp yard to his barrack. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"You forgot your tin of milk!" said Peppa.

Bertel hesitated.

"It's for you, from me. *Salud!*" she said softly and ran back to the canteen.

After his joyful leap in Bertel's honor, Kiki's condition became definitely worse. He ate nothing. We needed fresh milk for him. We needed to get him to a veterinary; the wound was turning septic. Bertel was given permission to ask Peppa's help. As Peppa always brought goods for the kitchen, this was easy. Every day Peppa brought a pint of fresh milk with the margarine and other groceries. She would crouch in front of Kiki and hold a saucer to his mouth, while Bertel supported his head. Kiki would obediently swallow a few drops, to please his two young friends, but that was as much as he could manage. The two of them would often sit an hour or more in the shed by Kiki's bed. First they talked only to Kiki, then about Kiki, then about the camp, the sergeants, about her big sister Mimi and how their mother forced her to go to the officers at night so that she could keep the canteen—and how the sergeants had once tried to start something with her, Peppa, in the wash house, but she had given one sergeant-major a box in the ear and bitten another one's thumb till the beast yelled with pain.

Bertel had to tell her all about Spain. Peppa had relatives on the other side of the Pyrenees. It was her people for whom young Bertel had fought, and their language, which he also spoke, was her mother tongue. Why was it that he had fought for Spain? And Bertel had to tell her how three years ago he had stolen secretly from his mother's house at night—his father had been lost in the first world war, and he was her only son. But his mother had heard him and she ran to the door and threw herself down, embracing his knees. He fell to the floor with her while she implored him not to go; she invoked the Mother of God, she boxed his ears, she kissed him, but still he managed to tear himself free. He had to pass many frontiers, but he wanted to fight together with the Spanish people for their freedom. And then, after the defeat, he found himself behind barbed wire in St. Cuprian in January 1939, then behind barbed wire in another camp, and now behind barbed wire here.

"And what does your mother write in her letter to you?"

Bertel was silent.

"Haven't you written to her?"

"Yes."

"And she hasn't answered?"

"Perhaps she hasn't received my letters."

Peppa had taken his hand. When Bertel looked at her, he saw large tears running from her big dark eyes.

"Peccenio!" she said, although she herself was smaller than Bertel. Bertel in confusion searched for his handkerchief and wiped her face. Kiki had crawled closer to them, and nudged Bertel softly with his nose. Perhaps he thought Bertel was taking too many liberties, perhaps he was just jealous.

From that time on, the two young people met regularly beside Kiki. There was no veterinary to be found; all were at the front. One day Peppa asked Bertel, "Wouldn't you like to be free? I can help you. I know one of the guards, he would let you through at night if I were nice to him."

Bertel explained to her that he did not want to escape alone, that that was nothing for him to decide alone, and that he would sooner knock the guard's eyes out than allow Peppa to be "nice to him."

"You'd knock his eyes out, Peccenio?" laughed Peppa, and then she kissed Bertel on the mouth, again and again, because it was pleasant and because Bertel remained still, while Kiki whined softly—this time, it seemed, with pleasure. But he did not whine for long; even this slight sound hurt him—he who once, on the trumpet signal *"au drapeau!"* had easily sung in the highest soprano.

"But at the same time," asked Peppa, "why may you not be free, even if you yourself do not wish it?"

And Bertel explained to his friend the meaning of comradeship, solidarity, discipline, and voluntary obedience.

AND now let us take it that this story took place not in one camp alone, but in many of the French camps. I myself was in five of them. Take it that Peppa is not called Peppa at all, and Bertel something quite different from Bertel; he has left France a long time ago. The whole thing is partly invention, but all the same it has happened in dozens of places. You understand what I mean! Good, now I'll bring Kiki's story to an end.

Peppa was to try again to find a veterinary in the town who could prescribe something for Kiki, to stop the wound going septic. As she had to go into town, we all gave her letters to deliver. We could have simply given her the letters to smuggle out, as we often did with people, but Bertel considered it only right to warn her that she was taking a risk—we were under martial law. Peppa replied that she was ready to risk more than that if necessary. We received answers to our letters within two days, again through Peppa. Peppa was a courageous, clever, and reliable girl. She was our friend, and our friendship waxed stronger and stronger while Kiki lay dying.

We stood there at night, eight of us, in the small coal hut. Bertel held Kiki in his arms. He moistened the dog's muzzle with cold tea and Kiki lapped up a bit of it. But he was too weak. He looked at us, one after the other, and seemed dissatisfied. He was looking for something. Then Alek said to Bertel, "Give him to me; he wants to see you!"

Carefully Bertel handed the dying Kiki to Alek, crouched down before him, and talked to him softly in his Viennese dialect. "Where's our Kiki then? Where's our own doggie? Where's my best friend?" And Kiki recognized his friend. He had not the strength to wag his tail, but he raised his upper lip slightly so that the white teeth shone. Kiki was laughing for the last time. Then he closed his beautiful, wise, light brown eyes.

"Kiki, one thing I promise you, your death is also going down on the reckoning," said Alek.

THE whole night long the barrack said its last farewell to Kiki. All the time five to ten men were creeping across the yard. Many were there who thought like Alek. Half the night those in the barrack lay wakeful and talked about Kiki, our dead comrade.

It was only at midday the next day that Peppa learned of Kiki's death. In the night she came to the barbed wire, and we threw a small sack over to her. She buried Kiki outside on free earth. She has promised to show us his grave some day.

FRIEDRICH WOLF.

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DAMOCLES' SWORD

YOU remember the old story of Damocles' sword? It is hanging over New Masses and please believe us it is more than harassing to work with the sharp point suspended over your head. The sword is NM's financial obligations. Please understand us when we tell you this: we cannot, never could, survive without your generous support. This year we must have $40,000 and we must have a good slice of that immediately. And that means immediately.

BUT—a good slice is not at hand yet. In fact, after six weeks less than 10% has come in. And we must have 50% of our debts currently. We have explained why. The increased costs of publication have aggravated matters. We have attempted to meet that by cutting expenditures drastically. We have moved to cheaper headquarters, have reduced the costs of publication, of engraving, cable tolls, etc.; we work with a smaller staff.

BUT our readers, as yet, have not recognized the gravity of the situation. "NEW MASSES," many of them say, "has always come out despite its urgent appeals." It has, indeed, because those urgent appeals have always been heeded. We never cried "wolf, wolf," without the wolf's being at the door. This year, we feel alarmed because the wolf is bigger and hungrier and NM's appeals have been heeded less than last year. The drive is running about 35% behind that of 1942. (As you may have noticed, we are not alone in this plight. Our contemporary, the "Nation," has for the first time in its long history, been obliged to ask its readers for help.)

THE times require NM at maximum. You have agreed. Never have the reactionaries been so crass, so blatant, as they are today. The Patterson-Dies-McCormick axis and its cronies in Congress are more arrogant, more aggressive, than ever. And there is a war to be won.

A Win-the-War Publication like NM is more necessary today than ever. Yet it is in greater danger than ever. NEED WE SAY MORE?

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BATTLE DRESS

Are you wearing a "jeep" sweater or "war-text" girdle? What L-85 did. Note to the women.

It is a pleasure to report that the "bare shoulders" look was the sensation of Hattie Carnegie's winter fashion preview. The government asked the dress industry to conserve fabrics and Hattie went "all-out" by eliminating shoulders and shortening her evening dresses to daytime length. There was always plenty of limb exposure around El Morocco and the other night spots frequented by the dames who sport swanky Carnegie models, but this year of all years it makes a difference—it's patriotic—it's in accordance with WPB Limitation Order L-85.

Stanley Marcus, who drew up L-85 and set up the WPB clothing section, stated in a New York *Times* magazine article that "fashion as a topic of conversation is deservedly blacked out for the duration." Mr. Marcus apparently does not read the numerous fashion ads in the Sunday *Times,* so he remains oblivious to the line expounded there. The war has been seized upon as a wonderful opportunity for sales. No respectable ad would dare be without one "patriotic" in its text, and we now have with us the "jeep" sweater, the "Commando" raincoat, the "war-text" girdle, the "secret weapon" perfume, the dress that wins "service stripes," and a countless parade of "victory" numbers. If an American woman were to carry out the exhortations of the fashion advertisements to be prepared for all wartime exigencies, she would probably assemble something like the following.

First there would be a "Bali Bra," for "whether your own particular war effort is made in uniform or mufti, you will look lovelier and work better if your bustline is firmly and comfortably supported. . . ." Next would come a special little Warner girdle designed for the girl with the acetylene torch (to judge by a Lord & Taylor ad)—strictly in accordance with the government order limiting rubber, but still effective because "we wish to assure you that the work women are doing in this war will get the comfortable, healthful support it deserves."

There would follow in rapid succession the stockings and lingerie, the "super-victory" number made out of "patriotic" rayon instead of silk or nylon, a dress of 100 percent wool because it's "patriotic to be warm this year." Topping this would be a "victory warmer," a quilted vest to defy the sixty-five-degree fuel ration. Then, because "you are carrying your share for victory . . . assuming more outside-the-home activities than formerly . . . this year of all years, you will find real need for a Hammer Brand Persian Lamb Coat."

For fingerprinting, Chen Yu urges you to lacquer your fingernails in "Dragon Blood Red" in order to be sure and make the proper impression. Elizabeth Arden designs a special "Sir Galahad" coiffure to set off the jaunty cap of your uniform and Germaine Monteil says to use "Courage Red" lipstick.

When Lieut. Lyudmila Pavlichenko, symbol of the heights to which women can rise in a war crisis, toured this country, she was moved to comment that American women were too concerned with makeup and stockings. Of course, those who would have us believe that this war is being fought solely "to preserve the grace and dignity and beauty" of women did not take Pavlichenko's remark with grace. But most American women would be willing to admit that the outspoken Soviet girl was right. The point is that the fashion world has so conditioned American women to the thought that their major job is to look beautiful at all times, that it is hard to shake off this attitude even under the pressure of war. Soviet women, especially in recent years, were developing a healthy interest in styles and cosmetics—but they keep a sense of proportion.

True, a woman can often do more efficient work when she is neatly dressed and sure of herself; but there is a time for everything. The defense worker crouched under a Boeing bomber, assembling vital parts of machinery, is concerned with the cut of her slacks only from the standpoint of comfort and efficiency. The government-designed overalls meet safety requirements first—style is only of secondary importance.

At this point it is appropriate to ask what part the clothing industry branch of the WPB has played in directing the dress industry toward its war role. Aside from drawing up Limitation Order L-85 to conserve fabrics, which is supposed to save approximately one-eighth of a yard on each garment, there is little to its credit. As far as pointing the road which fashion should travel in wartime, WPB has done nothing.

L-85 was drawn up by Stanley Marcus, head of Nieman-Marcus, one of the swankiest retail stores in the South. From the retailer's point of view L-85 is a boon because it introduced a new silhouette—always a sales-boosting device. Last year dirndls, wide skirts, were the rage but this season you are definitely dated by those who are "in the know" unless you achieve the "narrow look," the "draped look," or the "peg-top look," all of which followed on L-85. It is interesting to note, however, that both peg-top pockets and draping use up additional material and some skeptics have pointed out that what is saved by narrowing skirts is wasted by these two fashion highlights. Substantial savings of material *could* be achieved if all sizes were standardized, since manufacturers of better-priced dresses consistently cut their garments larger to flatter their customers and allow ample room for alterations. But the retailers who make their largest profits on higher-priced dresses have not been eager to push this reform.

So far the industry has hardly changed its usual practices. Eighty-five percent of all dresses in this country retail for ten dollars or under. Yet American designers key their clothes exclusively to the remaining fifteen percent—women who purchase "moderate and better-priced dresses" and are more concerned with style than practicality. Even where leading dress designers have been moved by the spirit of the times to design clothes for women war workers, the price of the resulting outfits is far too steep. Few girls on the nation's assembly lines will be found attired in the outlandish helmets designed by John Fredericks or Lilly Dache or in the fancy overalls of Vera Maxwell or Helen Cookman. The New York *Times* magazine section recently showed a war worker attired in a work suit and in an after-working hours outfit of "a two-piece woolen sprinkled with nailheads" topped by a leopard coat. It wouldn't take a Gallup poll to figure out how many defense workers could afford the little number from Macy's or the fur coat.

In Britain the Incorporated Society of London Designers has sponsored "utility models," ranging from six dollars to twenty dollars, cut to use the minimum amount of material and fashioned to give the maximum wear. These models include a reefer, a tailored tweed suit, and a shirtwaist dress. They are all made out of material tested for durability. You will find no dresses in England which boast ornamental buttons, braid, or embroidery. Yet, according to a recent *McCall Fashion Book,* beads, braids, embroidery, and sequins are the fashion highlights in this country.

As American women begin to flock to war factories in the thousands, they will be little concerned with the elegance of dress. They will be concerned with different questions altogether: What about the material of the garment—how long will it wear, what about its washability? Is the dress well constructed—the buttons and armholes strongly sewed on? Is there ample material across back and hips to prevent splitting? Are the seams firm?

To date the dress industry has not really tackled these problems because the consumer stake in clothing has had no representation in the appropriate government branches. The WPB clothing section has been dominated by the retailers, and the man in charge of clothing price-control at OPA is a former dress manufacturer who believes that there will be "plenty of time" to set up standards "after the war is over." A number of consumer experts and trade unionists are well acquainted with the dress industry and they could be called upon to represent truly the consumer's interest. They could work along with the retailers and manufacturers to gear the clothing industry to the needs of the war. They could assist in designing dresses to which no one could begrudge the name of "victory clothes."

Eva Lapin.

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HEALTH KNOWS NO MONOPOLY

May we band together to safeguard our well-being? The far-reaching Supreme Court decision. Why the nabobs of the American Medical Association tried to kill "Group Health."

A REAL contribution to social progress was made by the United States Supreme Court when it recently affirmed the conviction of the American Medical Association and its affiliate, The Medical Society of the District of Columbia, for criminal conspiracy to destroy "Group Health" of Washington, D. C. While the decision itself is rather technical, the affirmance has implications and potentialities almost as far-reaching as another recent work, the Beveridge Report.

What was Group Health and why was it the object of a criminal conspiracy by the respectable and powerful American Medical Association? It is a corporation organized six years ago by Washington employes of the federal government to engage in the group practice of medicine on a risk-sharing, prepayment basis. In the words of the indictment of the American Medical Association, "Most members of Group Health Association Inc. are embraced within the low income group, over eighty percent earning annual incomes of not more than $2,000." Individually they were unable to pay for and secure adequate medical care and hospitalization; together they were. As the government described Group Health's procedure:

"Said corporation is engaged in the District of Columbia in the business of arranging for the provision of medical care and hospitalization to its members and their dependents on a risk-sharing prepayment basis. Said corporation collects monthly payments in the form of dues from its members. Medical care is provided by a medical staff consisting of salaried general practitioners and specialists engaged in group practice under the sole direction of a medical director. Said corporation pays adequate salaries to the doctors on its medical staff and provides the medical staff with a modern, well equipped clinic, which was opened on Nov. 1, 1937. Said corporation also defrays, within limits, the expenses of hospitalization of its members and their dependents. The personal relationship ordinarily existing between doctor and patient obtains between the doctors on the medical staff of Group Health Association, Inc., and their Group Health Association, Inc., patients."

The need for this type of protection has long been recognized by leaders in the professions of medicine and social work. Shryock has summarized this fact in *The Development of Modern Medicine:*

"Hence there gradually evolved, in educated minds, a syllogism of some such form as this: Medical science can now prevent or cure certain major diseases. Many people continue to suffer from these very diseases. Ergo, medical science does not serve the people as it should. The most obvious explanation was to be found in the mounting costs of service. Here, again, it is to be noted that it was the very progress which physicians had made in science, which involved them in new difficulties in the practice of their art. Technical improvement led to simultaneous increase in the demand for medical services and in the price that must be paid for them. And so the more that people trusted medical aid, the less they could afford it. Here was a serious and unexpected impasse in the public relations of the profession."

In 1926 leaders in medicine, public health, and the social sciences called a number of conferences which led to the creation of a national Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. In the words of Shryock:

"The Committee carried out a nation-wide survey of sickness and medical service among nearly nine thousand white families. Their reports revealed, by 1932, a direct correlation between income and all types of medical services and tended in general to substantiate the claims made by the advocates of health insurance more than a decade before. The lowest income group (under $1,200 per year) received more of certain types of care—presumably due to charity services—than did the next two higher groups ($1,200 to $3,000); but in general those classes all received much less service than those whose incomes were above the last-named amount. Thus the group with the lowest amount of service received only fifty percent as many days of hospitalization, and only forty-one percent as many medical calls as did the group with the highest amount of service. In every case the latter was the highest income group. The highest group itself received less medical service than the standard which the majority of the Committee considered essential to good care."

Physician, Heal Thyself

TO EQUATE properly the American Medical Association's reaction to these obvious though important conclusions, one must understand the type and power of the organization. It is the largest and most influential medical association in the country. In April 1938 it had 109,435 members out of a total of 169,628 doctors in the United States, and many of the doctors who were

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not members of it were not in active practice. Its weekly journal has a circulation of over 100,000. Its income in 1937 was over $1,500,000. It has a monopoly control, in the full sense of those words, over hospitals who need doctors and doctors who need hospitals or consultants. By boycotting and ostracizing both doctors and hospitals who are on its blacklist, it has hitherto been the unchallenged czar of the medical world. That its despotism can hardly be described as benevolent will appear below.

In 1933 its House of Delegates formally disapproved the recommendation of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, that medical care for low income families should be provided on a prepayment basis through doctors engaged in group practice. In 1934 it adopted a resolution condemning a report of the American College of Surgeons in which the College endorsed prepayment plans. It had the temerity to assert that its investigation "revealed the fact that there are few, if any, people in the United States really suffering from lack of medical care." It was not content to limit itself to argument. When Group Health was formed, the AMA began the conspiracy to destroy the cooperative. It was not actuated by idealistic motives; "crass" and "commercial" better describe its inspiration. It feared that Group Health would cause some of its more successful members who run the American Medical Association to lose money. One Executive Committee member of the local Medical Society said that "he expected to be in practice for some twenty years and did not propose to have an organization of this kind interfere with his work and income."

The Medical Society then, only July 12, 1937, adopted a list of "approved" organizations and individuals practicing medicine in Washington, D. C. Group Health was not on this "white list." This *ipso facto* prevented its members from joining Group Health's staff and from consulting with doctors on its staff.

The boycott was on! Drs. Lee and Richardson, who joined Group Health's staff, were compelled to resign from it; Dr. Scandiffio, who refused, was expelled by the Society. The Society's members were forbidden to consult Group Health doctors. Thus, one Society member refused two requests for consultation, *one in the case of a patient suffering from acute heart trouble,* and another in the case of an elderly lady who was so ill that the Group Health doctor thought she might die in the office. But the president of the district society, in words familiar to the student of trade unionism, said consultation with "the hired agents" of Group Health was forbidden.

As the government succinctly put it to the Supreme Court:

"For doctors in general, access to hospital facilities is 'valuable and important'; for the surgeon, it is 'essential.'" Accordingly both the American Medical Association and the Society put pressure on the Washington hospitals to exclude Group Health doctors. Despite frequent applications, all of the local hospitals excluded all of the Group Health doctors. The efforts of Dr. Selders, Group Health's surgeon, were met with no response by four hospitals and an explicit refusal by seven. Dr. Selders was not even permitted by one hospital to perform an emergency appendicitis operation. When Drs. Hulburt and Lee resigned from Group Health, the hospitals opened their doors to them.

This extraordinary, cold-blooded venal conduct on the part of the American Medical Association and the Society led to the government's indictment of the organizations and some of their leaders. The path leading to the affirmance of the conviction by a jury of the organizations (and the acquittal of the individual defendants) was a long and tortuous one, punctuated by many appeals. Now that it is concluded, we may briefly assess the results:

The Supreme Court's opinion is not particularly illuminating. It merely held (1) that the indictment charged and the evidence proved a conspiracy "in restraint of trade," and (2) that the defendants' claim to immunity on the theory that this was a "labor dispute" was baseless. But the implications are tremendous: It frees the medical profession and the hospitals from the threat of the American Medical Association. It permits doctors to engage in group medicine on a risk-sharing prepayment plan in which the income of the doctor and the inexpensive protection of the patient is assured. It in effect forbids the American Medical Association to deprive doctors of membership in the Association, of the right to consult competent specialists, and of the right to have hospital privileges. The legal fight for these ends has taken five years, but that it was worth the effort is beyond question. PETER BOWMAN.

What Did the Nazi Send His Wife?

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
Out of the town of Prague?
From Prague she got her high-heeled shoes,
That's what she got from Prague.

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
From Oslo over the Sound?
From Oslo she got a fur-trimmed cap,
Hope it's becoming, the fur-trimmed cap
From Oslo over the Sound.

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
From wealthy Amsterdam?
From Amsterdam she got a hat,
And she looks awfully good in that,
Neat and sweet in her Dutch hat
That came from Amsterdam.

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
Out of the Belgian land?
From Brussels she got the loveliest lace—
How nicely it sets off her face!
Out of the Belgian land.

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
From Paris, the City of Light?
Oh, from Paris she got her satin dress;
How the neighbors envy the satin dress
From Paris, the City of Light!

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
From southward Bucharest?
From there she got a peasant waist,
Embroidered and laced, a Rumanian waist
From southward Bucharest!

And what did she get, the soldier's wife,
From the cold Russian land?
Why, from there she got her widow's veil;
Oh, she looks pale in her widow's veil
That she got from the Russian land!

BERTOLT BRECHT.

(Translated by Joy Davidman)

The poem above is from the forthcoming anthology, "War Poems of the United Nations," to be published this spring by Dial Press, and edited by Joy Davidman.

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TIME TO COUNTERATTACK

I DON'T know what it was that flashed out of Morris Carnovsky's Kulkov in *Counterattack,* but I suddenly saw the magnificent power of the stage, and I came away from the play with, honestly, a respect for the art tantamount to reverence. For two hours I had been a soldier on the Eastern Front, lived with the Red Army, shared their searing obligations, their dreams, and if you will, their heroism. Much of what I thought I understood, I suddenly *knew,* deeply, in the marrow. There was magic on the stage of the Windsor; Carnovsky and his colleagues were wizards, recreating one simple experience in a way that brought the grandeur of the war to Broadway. Janet and Philip Stevenson, who adapted the play from the Russian, merit our thanks. I don't recall a more satisfying experience in the theater, save perhaps *Watch on the Rhine.* It reverberated through your head and heart with the clamor of truth.

Kulkov, tramping back and forth in that death trap, his knees buckling with exhaustion and want of sleep, *is* the Red Army. The simple miner in soldier's uniform, hemmed in by his Nazi prisoners stalking him like wolves, is the prototype of the men who have beaten back the Nazi juggernaut. Here is our ally in the person of Kulkov, the man who rejects the word "impossible." He will rewrite the dictionary, he tells his grievously wounded comrade Petya, if the word persists. He defeats the impossible; he acts "correctly."

I was taken with what Carnovsky told Helen Ormsbee, of the New York *Herald Tribune:* "He (Kulkov) is a man with a job to do. He wants to do it whole-heartedly, not for personal glory, but because people are counting on him. His ideal of heroism is to act 'correctly.' This word strikes our audiences as a bit funny, but to Kulkov 'correctly' means 'faithfully, efficiently, passionately.' " In those few words Carnovsky reveals the secret of his magic; he *understood* his character Kulkov, the Soviet man. And the rest of the cast vie with him in the realization of their parts.

There, before you, is the Nazi craft, the Hitlerite duplicity. All in this simple little drama of thirty-six hours somewhere along the furious, frozen front from Murmansk to the Sea of Azov. It is happening there every day in the week; every hour since June 22, 1941. Here is the guile of the Gestapo, the savagery of the baby-killers, the callousness of the rapists, the furious imbecility of the Nazi idea. There is utter incomprehension of plain Soviet humanity when the Red Army-men share the dwindling supply of water; the Nazi nurse cannot believe the Soviets have hospitals for German wounded. The Russians' generous spirit is construed as Slavic inferiority; the Nordic supermen behave according to other tenets. The conflict between two worlds is there—between the men who speak simply of a life-in-common and those who would live according to jungle law. I fail to understand those critics who bemoaned the "talk" in the play; it was the talk of truth, and it came from the lips of the actors with fine versimilitude. Objection could come only from those whose anti-Soviet bias is so overpowering that all critical faculty becomes dulled, or is transformed into bigoted prejudice.

IT WAS with deep shock I read that the play was going off the boards after some brief three weeks. A play like this, as *The Russian People* before it, should be seen by millions in America, to teach the simple, plain facts about our Soviet ally. I believe it is real tragedy that these expertly wrought plays are not making the rounds of all our cities where men and women admire the epic stand of the Soviets; *The Russian People* and *Counterattack* would do much to satisfy the hunger for knowledge about our all-too-little-known ally. I believe some New York dramatic critics have done a real disservice to the cause of understanding between the two great anti-fascist powers by failing to realize the significance of this play; or in actually maligning it as did the *New Yorker's* critic, Wolcott Gibbs, who experienced only "boredom" in *Counterattack.* The play is as boring as the swoop of a Stormovik.

THEY tell us it is not a great play; perhaps they are right. As a layman I don't know what canons are used to evaluate greatness on the stage. In this instance, I don't care; all I know is that I saw something of reality, felt that reality, lived it as the author and the actors sought that I live it, and I, for one, am satisfied. I wish less attention were paid to grading a play as though it were an exercise in addition and subtraction; I wish the critics paid more attention to the play's effect upon the audience. Perhaps I am a special case, but the audience was typical Broadway, typical New York. That audience lived through the play as I did; there were some who shouted a warning to the Red Armymen to beware, the enemy was creeping up on him. Greater tribute to the playwrights and cast than that I don't know. And I am more than impatient with those who fling around the word "melodrama" with all its ten-twent-thirt connotation; as though that adjective damns the play to some inferior category. (It hasn't damned Shakespeare, as yet, and what would you call *Macbeth, Othello, Julius Caesar*?) How in the name of truth a play can be written about war without the elements commonly associated with melodrama—gunplay, primitive emotion, death, struggle for life—I don't know. The world is wracked by shot and shell, men are killing men, hunting men, escaping men, in every quarter of the globe, and if writers attempt to portray those truths in terms of what some effete critics term "melodrama," more power to the writers. But actually the play was far more than the flash of automatic rifle, of screaming bombs, and the moaning of wounded men. The dreams and aspirations of the magnificent Red Army came through; so did the bestiality of the enemy. And yet these plays are not being seen by the millions.

I believe part of the fault is ours; we who seek to improve understanding between us and our allies. We have been all too complacent about *The Russian People* and *Counterattack.* They must be fought for, like battles in a war. They *are* battles on the cultural front; and we have not been fighting hard enough. Why we have not, requires more space than this page permits. But it is my conviction that we must do a lot of hard thinking on this score; and a lot of hard fighting.

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INVADING THE GERMAN MIND

Hans is beginning to listen. Morris Schappes reviews Dorothy Thompson's "Listen, Hans," and Thomas Mann's "Listen, Germany." Battle of the broadcasts.

LISTEN, HANS, *by Dorothy Thompson. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

LISTEN, GERMANY!, *by Thomas Mann. Knopf. $1.50.*

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S *Listen, Hans* commands our respect. Whatever its failings, it is an intelligent, useful, and already influential book. In contrast, Thomas Mann's *Listen, Germany!,* consisting wholly of the text of twenty-five broadcasts made to Germany between October 1940 and August 1942 through the British Broadcasting Co., seems thin, wordy, lacking in directness. These broadcasts were, I imagine, much less effective than those made by Miss Thompson weekly over the CBS shortwave between March and September 1942. And if her technique and art of conducting an "Invasion of the German Mind" is better than Dr. Mann's, that may be due to the fact that she has made an explicit analysis of her enemy and developed a theory that consciously guides her practice. This theory, and its foundations, she outlines in that half of the book entitled "The Invasion of the German Mind."

Georgi Dimitrov, addressing the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International in August 1935, made the telling point in self-criticism that Communists had underestimated "fascism's power of ideological infection." He called for "an extensive ideological struggle based on clear, popular arguments and a correct, well thought out *approach to the peculiarities of the national psychology* of the masses of the people." Dorothy Thompson's is, to our knowledge, the first American attempt explicitly to analyze the peculiarities of Germany's national psychology in order to win Germans over to the United Nations' anti-Nazi cause.

If I say at once that Miss Thompson's is not a Marxist work, it is only because Hans Habe, an Austrian journalist reviewing the book in the New York *Times* Book Review, has seen in it a fusion of Marx and Freud. He asserts that "by temperament Miss Thompson leans toward psychoanalysis and by reason toward Marxism." Since both Miss Thompson and Marxists would deny the allegation, it may be worth while to keep the record clear. In fact, one of the elements of confusion in the book is the attempt to foist needless psychoanalytic terminology on a political study that avoids facing the full materialist implications of the situation.

The chief virtue of Miss Thompson's book is that she has undertaken a *historical* analysis of the conditions that created the German national psychology, and the German mind. Here she recognizes the main point, first made by Engels and recently so well recapitulated and extended by Bruno Frei in his NEW MASSES article (Feb. 2, 1943): that German psychology, culture, and mentality have been shaped largely by the failure of the democratic aspects of the bourgeois-democratic revolution in Germany. With German capitalism developing under the political domination of an essentially feudal and medieval-minded junkerdom, the hateful peculiarities of national psychology become comprehensible, and therefore vulnerable to attack. Certain brutal traits are seen to be not a matter of "German blood" or "race," as Hitler would have us believe, but of various medievalisms Germany was never allowed to outgrow: remember that medieval punishment was starkly corporal: branding, cutting off ears, tongues, fingers, slitting nostrils, and, in extremity, hanging, drawing, and quartering. Finance-capitalist rapacity, crossing itself with junker absolutism, cruelty, and haughtiness, has bred the peculiarly aggressive type of imperialism known as Nazism, and universally recognized as the world menace.

If we have here given the picture perhaps more sharply than Miss Thompson draws it, this may be due to the fact that although her approach is historical, it is not exact or thorough enough. She continually hints at but never seems completely to dare investigating or describing the nature of German class relationships. It is significant that her messages are addressed not to the working class or the masses of Germany, whose resistance to Nazism can alone be decisive, but to "Hans," who seems to be, if we have properly pieced together the few bits of internal evidence, a Reichswehr officer "in an important position" with "wide connections among industrialists, the German bureaucracy, and also among the officers," a man whose son has been killed on the Eastern Front, who now has orphaned grandchildren, who has always hated Hitler and known his aggressive intentions but never did anything to oppose them.

Zuny Maud

Of course, in seeking to rouse Hans to active opposition now Miss Thompson could also influence any others who happen to tune in. But a due appreciation of the fact that a national psychology, although binding all classes of the nation, is modified as it is reflected in each class, could have made her political propaganda more effective. For instance, she takes at face value certain German "idealist" philosophy and habits, and draws the false conclusion that the "bread-and-butter motive" has never appealed to the German mind. Now it is a fact that a great deal of Hitler's propaganda was a direct appeal to the "bread-and-butter" needs of depressed classes; being the demagogue, he used the appeal in order to deceive the masses, and has in fact brought them neither Ukrainian bread nor Danish butter in the promised quantities. But that merely means that the German people, still needing bread and butter, are still open to the appeal to that need. Yet Hans, the German officer-intellectual, might not respond to such a direct appeal, since he has bread and butter, and since he has been trained to wrap his material needs in an integument of ideology. Both Hans and the masses are German, sharing a national element, but without uniformity. Obviously a propaganda is needed that is at once unified in its analysis of the national psychology and differentiated in its understanding of class differences. This dialectical relationship Miss Thompson misses utterly.

NEVERTHELESS she insists there are allies of the United Nations in Germany and she sets out to arouse them to action. Implicitly she casts light on a controversy falsely stated as to-hate-or-not-to-hate when the political task is to define *whom* to hate. In this

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connection, Miss Thompson frequently voices her admiration of Stalin, whom she regards as the only world statesman to have correctly defined the relation of the United Nations to the German people. It must be remembered that in his very first war speech, on July 3, 1941, Stalin said: "In this great war we shall have loyal allies in the peoples of Europe and America, including the German people who are enslaved by the Hitlerite despots." That these allies of ours are already stirring is shown by the underground manifesto (*The Worker,* Jan. 10, 1943) issued by a Rhineland conference held last December, attended by Communists, Socialists, railwaymen, metal workers, farmers, a Reichswehr captain, a Catholic priest, a doctor, and members of the German National Party and a National Socialist Opposition group. In addition to outlining a broad program for immediate peace and democracy, the manifesto gives explicit instructions on sabotage and resistance to executives, peasants, workers, intellectuals and clergymen, women, and men in the army.

The main strategy of her invasion of the German mind, Miss Thompson argues, is first to offer the German people the national union of all Germanic states; second, to hold out the necessity of European federation as the path to solution of German national problems; third, to appeal to the German mastery of science, technology, and skill in craftsmanship by showing that science has created possibilities of a richer life more worthy and easily attainable than the *lebensraum* Hitler promised.

As for the first it is worth noting that Stalin, in his address of Nov. 6, 1941, suggests the legitimacy of the objective of Germanic voluntary unification: "While the Hitlerites were uniting German lands and incorporating the Rhine region, Austria, and others, *they could in a certain sense be considered nationalists.* But after they captured *foreign territories* and enslaved European nations . . . and began to drive for world domination, the Hitler party ceased to be nationalist, for *from that moment* it became a party of imperialism, conquest, and oppression." (My italics.)

Those sections of Miss Thompson's broadcasts conveying this recognition of the need for German unification are particularly moving and impressive. Nevertheless, lacking understanding of the relation between *federation* as a *voluntary* act of nations that have the *absolute right of self-determination,* which must include the right to refuse to federate, Miss Thompson rides her insistence on European federation too hard, and so might repel the nationals of certain former Germanic states. For instance, the Austrian patriot must be guaranteed the right to determine for himself whether and when Austria shall federate with the German nation into one multinational Germanic state, or else he will feel his independence is being threatened. Likewise any European federation must be held out as a possible solution to some problems, provided each nation decides for itself whether it wishes to federate. The imposition of federation can achieve only a temporary unity. Here the experience of the *Union* of Soviet Socialist Republics, established in 1922 on the basis of the voluntary federation of the Russian Federative Republic with the Transcaucasian, Ukrainian, and Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republics, should be studied by all interested in the theory and practice of the federation of *independent* states.

In furtherance of her strategy, Dorothy Thompson has written some of the most moving broadcast messages I have ever read. With real ability to convey sincere concern for the German people without sentimentality and softness, she states her simple but profound themes over and over again with fresh variations related to the current news surrounding each broadcast. In addition to the major theses already mentioned, she invades the German mind by trying to make it conscious of *Hitler's* war guilt; of the dangers of victory as well as of defeat; the anti-Hitler unity of German-Americans; the destruction of the German family involved in Hitler's program of enforced matings of German men with selected women of subjugated countries; and the possibility of peace *without* Hitlerism but never *with* Hitlerism.

Amid all this logic, however, she suddenly develops one surprising and dangerous racial note. Attempting to divide Germany from Japan, she appeals to anti-*Asiatic* racial prejudice: "For the Nazis are destroying Europe at the same time that they are opening the opportunity for an all-Asiatic revolt. Europe, under the Nazis, is being reduced to impoverished colonial vassalage, just at the moment when a free cooperative and prosperous Europe is essential for the protection of the civilization of which we are all a part. The Nazis have even brought it about that Russia is looked upon by the masses of the people of Europe as the liberator from oppression." (p. 229) Then, having referred to "this terrible destiny that is obliterating the *white* race," (p. 237, my italics, M. U. S.) she is ripe for this folly: "What Germany has to fear is what Japan is inflaming in the Far East—namely, an intense hatred against the whole of western civilization." (p. 279) To say that any part of this United Nations war is a racial war, and to hint, even if only once, that the Soviet Union is an Asiatic menace to "Europe," is to confuse issues that Miss Thompson is generally trying to clarify.

Such errors are extremely dangerous. In Dorothy Thompson's case they appear in her latest broadcasts. In Thomas Mann's there is a fortunate progression. In June 1941 he broadcast: Hitler "is covered with blood and crime and [he] is the only incarnation on earth of bolshevism in the most obscene sense of the word"; in November 1941 the Nazi regime was still "an incomparably more vulgar variety of bolshevism"; but by March 1942 Dr. Mann was telling his German listeners: "The fact that Russia and the West are fighting today on the same side against him [Hitler], the enemy of mankind, is only the outer expression of the inner truth, that socialism and democracy have long ceased to be opposites, that their values seek unification, and that this is the revolution which is to gain the victory over the filth of untruth and violence which he [Hitler] calls revolution."

It may, incidentally, be noted that part of the weakness of Mann's series of broadcasts rises, in my opinion, from his skepticism as to their value. He himself says in his introduction: "Moreover, to call a people to revolt does not yet mean to believe, deep down in one's heart, in their ability to revolt." Then again, his idea of calling to revolt is vague, unlike Stalin's or the German underground's or Dorothy Thompson's definite suggestions for sabotage: "If the people in German cities," Mann broadcast in April 1942, "would go into the streets and call unanimously: 'Down with war and the rape of nations! . . . then the Nazis would recognize that they have lost." The German people need more practical encouragement. Miss Thompson's is a much better pattern, and all our propagandists would do well to study both her theory and her practice.

Morris U. Schappes.

Fruits of Confusion

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW, *by Norman Angell. Viking. $2.50.*

Norman Angell, a member of the British Labor Party and a former member of Parliament, has written a number of books dealing with the problems of war and peace. His most famous work, *The Great Illusion,* first appeared in 1912 and won international prominence. It dealt with the deep-seated economic, commercial, military, and naval rivalries between Great Britain and Germany

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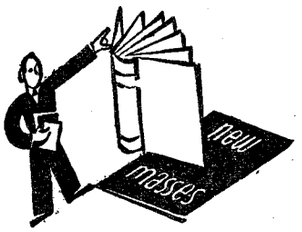

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which led fatally to the first world war. At that time Angell pleaded for international conciliation and cooperation in order to check the drift to war. Since then he has devoted himself energetically—in books, articles, lectures, and radio broadcasts—to the task of laying the foundations of a durable peace. In 1933 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts.

In his present work, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, Angell addresses himself to the average American. Writing in a rather easy style and using a question-and-answer approach, he endeavors to clarify for John Citizen the nature of this people's war. No one who believes that this is a just war for national independence and survival can quarrel with Angell's main thesis, which is a plea for collective security. "Our effort," he writes, "must be directed toward . . . finding the common interest behind which the collective power of the whole community of nations may be massed—that common interest being the right of each to life, to self-preservation, to existence free from the menace of lawless violence."

Here it is profitable to recall that during the uneasy years preceding the outbreak of the second world war in 1939, Maxim Litvinov, the official representative of the Soviet Union, was the one who raised most sharply at international gatherings the question of collective security against aggression. Angell, too, strove for that goal as an Englishman. But the Axis aggressors found repeatedly that their method of dividing their opponents and picking them off one by one was successful. Late in the day—but not too late—the anti-Axis forces have joined together to crush the aggressors. A great coalition of some thirty nations is now in being and is a fundamental guarantee of victory over fascism.

It is therefore more than strange that in elaborating his conception of collective security, Angell thinks of the United Nations in almost exclusively Anglo-American terms. He is frequently disparaging and incorrect in his analysis of the USSR; and he almost completely neglects the role of China. Thus, for all his good intentions he has not grasped the full meaning of the United Nations both in war and in the postwar world. His thinking remains almost glaringly within the framework of an Anglo-American peace—and he is even prepared to accept Britain as a junior partner in that association. It is true that he is mainly concerned with answering the anti-British arguments of American isolationists and defeatists. When, for example, Senator Reynolds or the Hearst-Patterson-McCormick press attacks British imperialism in India and elsewhere, it is easy to recognize the specious motives of their arguments. But this certainly does not alter the fact that British rule in India has prevented the full-fledged enlistment of the 350,000,000 Indians in the present war. Nor do the lessons of Malaya, Singapore, and Burma bear out Angell's defense of imperialism.

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There is no excuse for Angell's egregious misstatements about the Soviet Union and China. Thus, he defines Soviet policy in the period September 1939-June 22, 1941: "Communist Russia became the quasi-ally of fascist Germany, which was challenged by capitalist West." Again he writes: "In the annexations in the Baltic States and Poland, as in the Finnish War, Communist Russia behaved exactly as czarist Russia would have behaved." And this leads him to the startling conclusion: "The supreme act of appeasement, the act which indeed precipitated the war, was committed by Russia."

Angell is not the only recent writer to speak of Soviet Russia's "appeasement" of Germany. It is particularly appropriate at the present time, when the Red Army and the entire Soviet people have electrified the world with their victories on the battlefield, to pose the following question: Where would the United States and Britain be today if the USSR had not taken the necessary steps to safeguard itself against Nazi Germany in the period 1939-41? The heroic lifting of the siege of Leningrad should be the proper moment to reconsider and reappraise the measures of defense taken by the Soviet Union against Finland in 1939-40. The fact that Leningrad has remained in Soviet hands is not only a Russian triumph—it is a triumph for the United Nations. So judgments such as those quoted above do not promote the very cause which Angell sets out to support: unity of *all* the United Nations and victory over the Axis by *all* the peoples of the world.

Whence this basic confusion? Why does Angell start with an excellent thesis and then, in elaborating and exemplifying it, defeat his own purposes? Why, in short, does this volume harm the cause for which it was ostensibly written? The answer, in my opinion, is that Angell seems bent on fitting the concept of the United Nations into the Procrustean bed of Anglo-American collaboration. Surely he is aware of the sweeping global nature of this war. Then why his insistence on a point of view which borders suspiciously on the confines of "Anglo-Saxonism" or an "Anglo-American Century"? It was against this that Wendell Willkie warned in his report to the American people when he insisted: "We must wipe out the distinction in our minds between 'first class' and 'second class' allies."

Norman Angell, with his special pleading for the British empire, is really performing a disservice to the United Nations. It is likewise, in the deepest sense, a disservice to Britain itself. We Americans are in this with the USSR and China as well as with the British Commonwealth of nations. The survival of our country and of Britain depends as much on Soviet and Chinese arms as on our own fighting abilities. Far-sighted Englishmen realize as plainly as do forward-looking Americans that "the age of imperialism is ended." Understanding these truths is an aid to victory—glossing them over or misunderstanding them means dangerously compromising the peace.

Norman Angell writes that this is a people's war; but he does not press for the genuine coalition strategy by which alone this people's war can be won. He has let the American people know some home truths about the need for collective security in war and peace. But he has not deepened this thesis with a correct evaluation and appreciation of the grand alliance—the United Nations—which is now unitedly waging this total war. Yet this, in the final analysis, is what Norman Angell should have let the people know.

DAVID BENEDICT.

War Problems

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY. WINTER, 1943. *35 cents.*

UNDER the auspices of *Science and Society,* an Institute on Problems of the War, held last November, brought together a group of public figures. *Science and Society* now publishes the various papers delivered at the Institute, thereby contributing a valuable clarification of problems arising from the needs of total war.

The symposium was well planned. Its central theme was the now generally admitted urgency to reorganize America's economy to meet the present exigencies. The opening paper by J. J. Joseph of the Planning Division of the War Manpower Commission lucidly presents the need to interrelate all phases of the economy. Mr. Joseph shows that the manpower problem can never be solved in splendid isolation: "If our experience has demonstrated anything in this war, it is the inseparability of the various parts of the wartime program." This premise underlies all the discussion, whether it deals with the role of women in industry as presented by Mildred Fairchild, director of the Department of Social Economy at Bryn Mawr, or the problems of discrimination in employment, as debated by, among others, Charles A. Collins of the AFL Hotel and Club Employes Union.

Dealing with "Centralized Control of War Production," Earl Browder is more specific than most of the speakers. In pointing out that legislation has been proposed in Congress leading toward economic integration, Mr. Browder stresses the need for organizing the people to force the passage of the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill for an Office of War Mobilization. In addition he explodes the bugaboo that a planned economy means "socialism" for America, and that the failure so far to achieve proper mobilization of America's economic strength can be blamed exclusively on "dollar-a-year men," or on "the industrialists." Too frequently the muckrakers of the liberal press are content to call names; but as Mr. Browder pointed out in answer to a question from the floor: "The most decisive centers of power among the industrialists are along the line of a more effective, a more efficient prosecution of the war and along the lines of maintaining a maximum degree of national unity for the war. . . . We should avoid any sharp class categories. . . ."

Julius Emspak, secretary-treasurer of the

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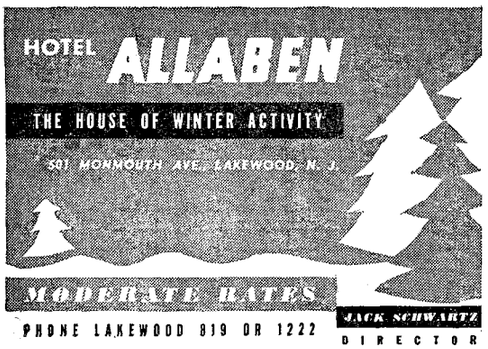

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United Eelectrical, Radio, and Machine Workers (CIO), contributed a fruitful review of "Labor Management War Production Councils." His paper gets down to cases, pointing out reasons for failures and successes. Raymond J. Walsh of the CIO adds a strong statement on labor's contribution. Of especial interest are the excellent papers by Dr. Harry Grundfest and Prof. Joseph Needham, noted British biologist, on the need to draw scientists into the war program. The Tolan-Pepper-Kilgore bill takes this problem into account and proposes to set up an Office for Technological Mobilization.

Lyle Dowling's excellent definition of inflation and his comments on certain false economic approaches to the question are, disappointingly, not followed by further discussion which the reader logically expects. When it comes to rationing, Prof. Paul Sweezy of Harvard University falls into the trap of so-called "objectivity"; his comments lack sharpness and sufficient insistence on the imperative need for commodity rationing. Prof. Sweezy is apt to take too much for granted—unfortunately prices have not been stabilized, as he implies; his review of false economic theories does not lay these dangerous theories to rest.

LIMITATION of time undoubtedly led to other omissions from the discussion. It is regrettable that there was no real consideration of price-control; the tax program is dismissed in a phrase; housing is barely mentioned; health problems are neglected; agriculture is ignored, except for a word or two on farm labor. Today, as Earl Browder points out, "The imperative need for centralized control of war production is now established beyond question." Having established the need, there remains the important task of exploring the content. It would be valuable to examine more closely the War Production Board, the Office of Price Administration, the War Manpower Commission. Now that the Science and Society Institute has made a brave and welcome beginning, the hope is that further sessions in the near future will explore the problems of war economy in greater detail. The good start whets the appetite for more.

BRUCE MINTON.

Brief Review

OPPORTUNITIES IN THE ARMED FORCES, *by Maxwell Lehman and Morton Yarmon. Viking. $2.95.*

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SALUDOS AMIGOS

Donald Duck goes south on a good-will tour of Latin America. Walt Disney's new film, "irresistibly funny and extraordinarily beautiful," is more than "mere gorgeous foolery." Real people in far places. Reviewed by Joy Davidman.

IT IS ironic that the first really sympathetic and dignified film study of South America should come to us as a starring vehicle for Donald Duck. The boys whose Bad Neighbor Policy used to start riots in South American movie houses didn't mean to make trouble. They were honestly trying to make South America as glamorous as possible, by the somewhat peculiar standards of Sunset Boulevard. Donald Duck is a great improvement.

Saludos Amigos, the new Disney film which stars him, was made during and after an extended South American tour by the Disney staff. Technicolor scenes of this tour are interspersed among the cartoons themselves; the former make a pleasant mild travelogue and have a certain scholarly interest as the source of the cartoons, but the latter are the McCoy. They are irresistibly funny and extraordinarily beautiful.

The first of them is *Lake Titicaca.* A few real photographs of the great stretch of water, two miles up in the Andes; a few explanatory comments, and Donald is off. He swooshes around the mountain lake in a very remarkable boat; he rides up the steep Andes on a very remarkable llama. His most fascinating adventure involves crossing a sort of Bridge of San Luis Rey, one of those fantastic affairs of a few slats and two ropes, slung from precipice to precipice. There is the moment when the llama sits down on Donald—but I haven't the heart to tell you any more.

Pedro, the story of a pert young mail plane, offers more dramatic possibilities. Mountains, even mountains like the Andes, rarely look impressive in photographs. To feel the real power of high places you have to be there yourself, very small, and look up at the peaks—very big. That terrifying, freezing Size is in the Disney interpretations of these mountains. They are simplified to jagged slanting lines, blue ice, and trails of mist, as primitive as a child's drawings; but those lines are convincing. Against the incredible altitudes and terrible abysses is the small, cocky, bright shape of the little plane, as lively as a grasshopper. The outrageous contrast enlists your sympathy at once.

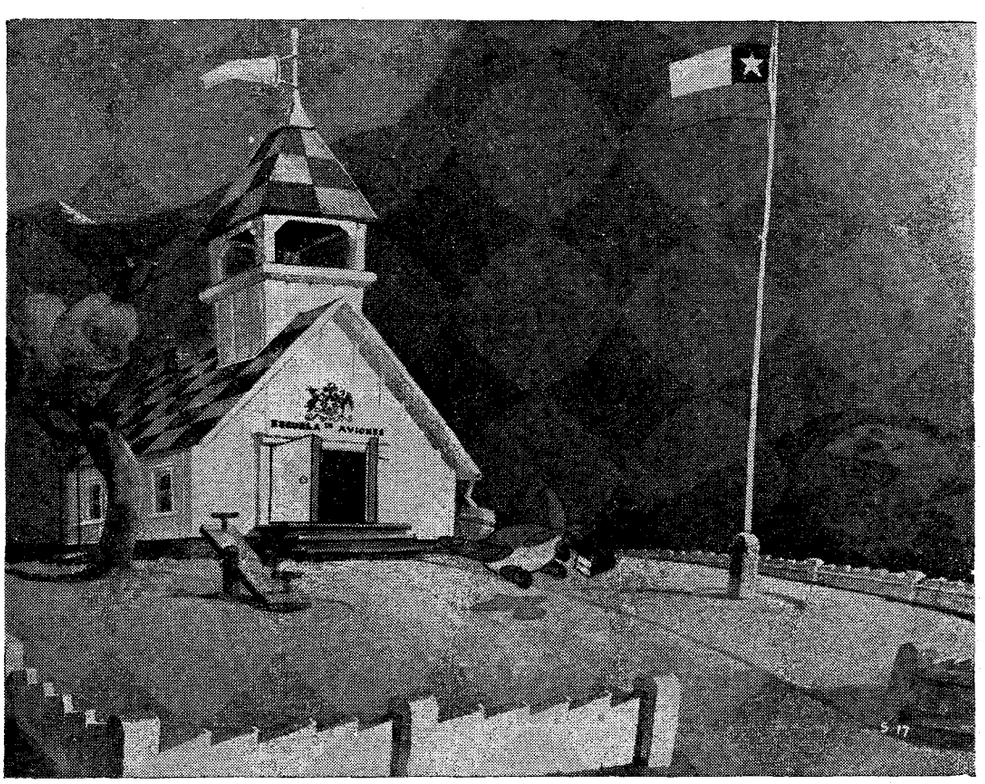
AT THE proper moment, the ominous peak of Aconcagua, surrounded by howling lightnings, comes into view, and Pedro's troubles begin. Aconcagua can take his place with the other Disney villains, the vulture-witch of *Snow White,* the great devil of *Fantasia,* and Monstro the whale. Aconcagua, if anything, is worse.

A breathing spell is provided by *El Gaucho Goofy,* in which Pluto becomes an Argentinian cowboy. This is the film's weakest section, amusing in a knockabout way, but cruder in style than the others. *Aquarela do Brasil,* the last cartoon, is the most decorative of all, and introduces Jose Carioca. This natty gentleman, with handsome red and green and blue tail feathers, is the parrot who appears in practically all Brazilian jokes. He is much handsomer and livelier than poor Donald, who seems by comparison quite an awkward little bird. The two collaborate on an impressionist study of Rio de Janeiro and the Amazon jungles, on fire with improbable orchids.

Altogether, *Saludos Amigos* adds up to a new sort of travelogue, with its emphasis not so much on quaintness or strangeness or even scenery as on the fact that far places have real people in them. No one would claim that it constitutes a thought-provoking comment on South American life; nevertheless it is a little more than mere gorgeous foolery. For you remember what you learn from its vivid drawings, and its fantasy is somehow more believable than the South America of the studio films, so obviously photographed in the Southern California badlands.

THE forthcoming *Chetniks* is a silly enough business in itself, in which Draja Mihailovich and the Nazis dance in and out of each other's headquarters, and kidnap each other's wives. One might say it is just about what Mihailovich's phony resistance deserves. But it was intended as glorification, and it is preceded with a fulsome tribute to the collaborationist Mihailovich and his supposed struggle against the Germans; and, in consequence, its effect is to give aid and comfort to the enemy and to further obscure, in the minds of its audience, the already wilfully obscured Yugoslavian situation. Protests to Twentieth Century Fox are in order.

JOY DAVIDMAN.



Pedro, the little mail plane, goes to school to learn to fly the mail. From "Saludos Amigos."

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From the Stock Shelf

'The Moon Vine" — synthetic comedy with old ingredients.

I DO NOT believe that labeling a play "A Comedy" absolves it of all obligation to bear any relation to the truth. In talking of *The Moon Vine,* it is also appropriate to point out that labeling it "A Comedy" is not enough to make it funny. A synthetic concoction, it evidently proposes to make itself a hit by mixing an "expose" of southern political corruption, a satire on hell-fire sermonizing, a nostalgic picture of the Old South, and the yearnings of a young girl to "get away" to the life of the theater. Despite the patent effort to squeeze as much sensational appeal as possible from each of these ingredients, they remain pretty dry lemons because they have been lifted down from the stock self and not plucked from the living tree.

Still less savory is the use of stock representations of Negro people—that is, out of the rotten stock barrel of southern "white supremacy" doctrine. Once again a Negro domestic worker addresses another member of the household as a "nigger"; once again, in an angry characterization of Theodore Roosevelt, a Southerner of the "old school" is permitted to use the expression "nigger-lover" on the stage, without reprehension. (It should be understood that the tart rejoinder by the "modern" politician to the speech in which this expression occurs is addressed to its "politics," and not to its attitude toward Negro people.)

The acting is mediocre at best, and this is the less excusable since all the characters are types for which the model has been well worked out. This piece of silliness was written by Patricia Coleman and directed by John Cromwell. SEYMOUR A. COPSTEIN.

Go See It!

ANNOUNCEMENT that "Counter-attack" will close on February 27 comes as a serious disappointment to theatergoers who had hoped that the drama would remain on the boards for many months. The play by Janet and Philip Stevenson (based on a Russian drama by Ilya Vershinin and Mikhail Ruderman) is one of the genuinely exciting experiences of the current Broadway season. It was reviewed in last week's issue by Dorothy Brewster and Joseph North discusses the play in his column on page 23 of this issue.

We call our readers' attention to the announcement of this closing because we feel that few of them will want to miss this last-minute opportunity to see the play. It is showing at the Windsor Theater, 48th St., east of Broadway.

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A New Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON

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Staged by Shepard Traube

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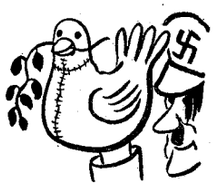

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